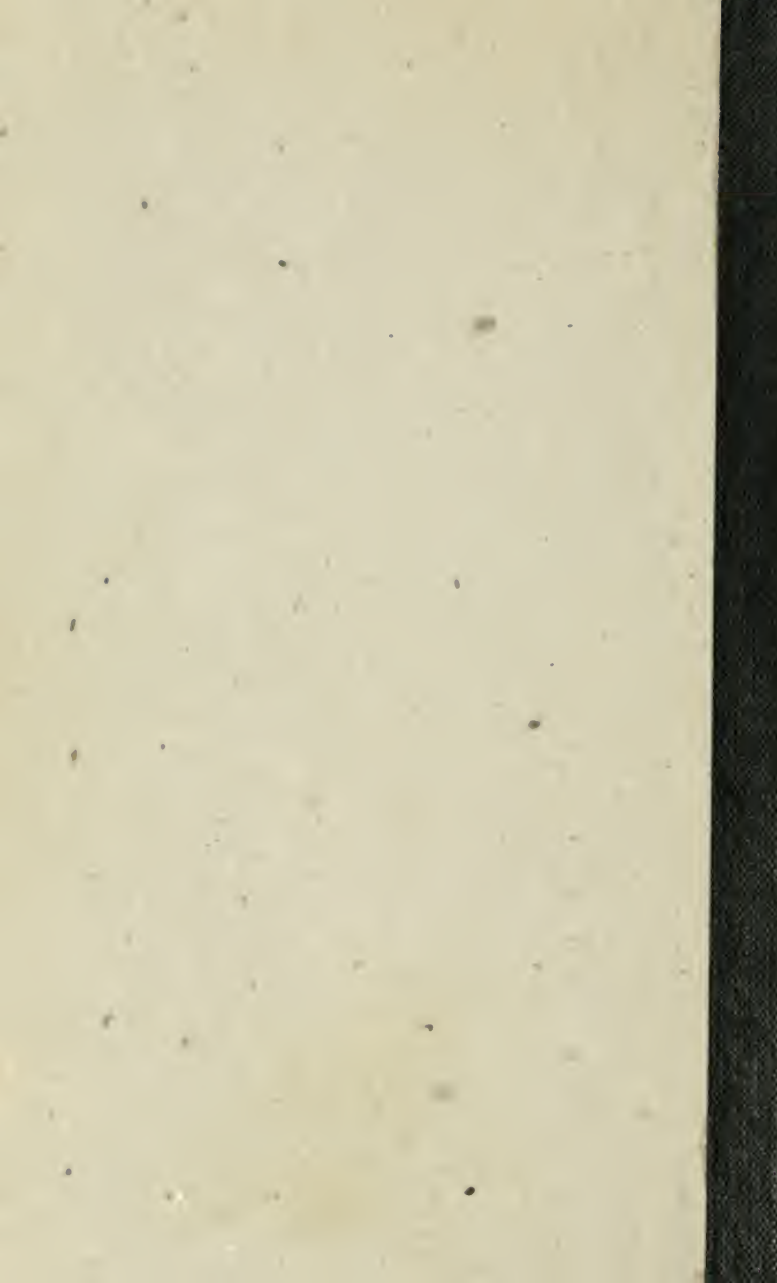


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AUTHOR

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(Two series: 1905-1906.)

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(1912.)

RICARDO WAGNER.

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MÚJER Y ARTE.

(1914.)

FASES DEL GÉNERO SINFÓNICO CONTEMPORÁNEO.

(First series: 1917.)

LA FRANCE HÉROÏQUE.

(1918.)

## 15. PREPARATION

Pres. del Consejo Municipal TAMPOLANFO.

General, Señor

DEE. EMBRO. MURRAY.

Quiero le felicitar por su gran triunfo Militar.

La Meca de Colombia está en su poder hasta nuestros días.

Atendamos con el honor de la Meca en Cota.

INVINCIBLE AMERICA

THE NATIONAL MUSIC

OF

UNITED-STATES

IN PEACE AND AT WAR

---

Instrumental and Vocal Concert, Illustrated with photographic  
projections, engravings and historical comments.

---

Organized and Directed

by

G. M. TOMAS

*Member of the National Academy of Arts and Letters*



HAVANA  
PRINTING "EL SIGLO XX"  
27, TENIENTE REY ST  
1919





*To the Glorious Country  
of  
Washington, Lincoln and Wilson,  
This Volume  
is  
Admiringly Dedicated*

T

456676



“ . . . Sweet land of liberty,  
of thee I sing . . . ”

“ Land of the noble, free,  
thy name I love . . . ”



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## INDEX

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ON THE SCREEN.  
LIST OF  
PHOTOGRAPHIC PROJECTIONS



## ON THE SCREEN

### LIST OF PROJECTIONS

(N. B. The numbers correspond with Concert Programme.)

#### *Colonial Period.*

- N<sup>o</sup> 1 *a.* The Mayflower entering Plymouth Harbor.
- .. .. *b.* The First Winter at Plymouth.
- .. .. *c.* The First Thanksgiving.
- N<sup>o</sup> 2 Puritan Church Bell.
- N<sup>o</sup> 3 *a.* Puritan Children in School.
- .. .. *b.* Puritan Dreams.

#### *Independence Period.*

- N<sup>o</sup> 4 Yankee Doodle.
- N<sup>o</sup> 5 Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.
- N<sup>o</sup> 6 The Star Spangled Banner.
- N<sup>o</sup> 7 House in which "Hail Columbia" was written, and  
Theatre where Hail Columbia was first sung.
- N<sup>o</sup> 8 Lafayette at Mount Vernon.
- N<sup>o</sup> 9 "Home, Sweet Home", a Home of John Howard Payne  
and *b.* Interior of Payne's, "Home, Sweet Home".

#### *Civil War Period.*

- N<sup>o</sup> 10 Sherman's Ride.
- N<sup>o</sup> 11 Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.
- N<sup>o</sup> 12 From Maryland Heights.
- N<sup>o</sup> 13 Dixie Land.
- N<sup>o</sup> 14 Dandy Jim of Caroline.
- N<sup>o</sup> 15 Sunday afternoon on a Southern Plantation.
- N<sup>o</sup> 16 "Way down upon de Swance ribber".



THE  
ROYAL  
ACADEMY

CONCERT  
PROGRAMME





## CONCERT PROGRAMME

### PART FIRST

#### COLONIAL PERIOD. (1620)

##### OF PSALMODY

##### Nº 1 THREE TUNES:

*a "York".*

*b "Windsor".*

*c "Old Hundred".*

##### Nº 2 PURITAN CHURCH BELL.

*(Drum beats).*

##### Nº 3 TWO TUNES:

*a "St Ann".*

*b "Lenox".*

#### INDEPENDENCE PERIOD. (1776)

##### OF WAR

##### Nº 4 YANKEE DOODLE.

##### Nº 5 CHESTER.

##### Nº 6 THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

##### OF CHEER AND PATHOS

##### Nº 7 HAIL COLUMBIA.

##### Nº 8 MOUNT VERNON.

##### Nº 9 HOME, SWEET HOME.

## CIVIL WAR PERIOD (1861)

### OF WAR

- X 10. MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.  
 X 11. TESTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUNDS.  
 N 12. MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!  
 N 13. THEIR LAND.

### OF COURAGE AND FAITH

- N 14. DADDY JIM BY CAMPBELL.  
 N 15. MY OLD KNIFE BY HARRIS.  
 N 16. OLD FIDEL BY HARRIS.

## PART SECOND

## MODERN PERIOD (1868)

### OF THE OLD EQUATION

- M 1. *Penny's March* (AMERICAN) . . . VAN DER STUCKEN.  
 N 2. *Two Illustrated Native Songs:*  
     a. *AFRIC-AMERICAN SONG* . . . TOMÁS.  
     b. *IRISHAN SONG* . . . CAHMAN-TOMÁS.  
 X 3. *Home* ("Home" *Home Suite*) . . . MAC DOWELL.  
 N 4. *Shenandoah Valley* . . . DE KOVEN.  
 N 5. *Mary's Street and Olden's Forever* . . . SOLSA.

## PART THIRD

## CONTEMPORARY PERIOD (1917)

### OF THE NEW UNIVERSAL FREEDOM

### PATRIOTIC SONGS

- N 1. *Swear, Swain "By America"* . . . EDWARD HOBBSMAN.  
 N 2. *To Victory* . . . HENRY HADLEY.  
 N 3. *The American Song* . . . FAY FOSTER.  
 N 4. *"Tippin's a Hero-Troop"* . . . ZD. ELGOTT.  
 N 5. *When the Boys Come Home* . . . OLIVY SPEAKS.  
 N 6. *Over There* . . . GEORGE M. CHITAN.

## HISTORICAL COMMENTS



## COLONIAL PERIOD

...*“The which I shall endeavor to manifest in a plaine stile,  
with singular regard unto y<sup>e</sup> simple trueth in all things”.*

BRADFORD, “OF PLIMOTH PLANTATION”.



## OF PSALMODY

"It is a curious fact that the cultivation of the most refined and poetic of the arts in America should have its origin with the stern and prosaic Pilgrims and Puritans of the early days. And yet it is in that forbidding soil that we have to recognize the root of American musical effort, which has today grown to such fair and noble proportions. True, their musical activity, and it is but a formula of words to call it such, was confined to psalmody alone, and it was directed by religious rather than by art impulses; but it was none the less the origin from which we have to trace the musical history of our country." (1)

"The original colonists were, in not a single instance, of the kind from which Apollo could expect worship. The stern Puritan of New England came with his prejudices set against all ornate or artistic music, and spent the first century of his American life in settling the question whether or not he ought to sing at all, and some time longer in making up his mind—the first proposition being accepted—if the musical symbols, *i. e.*, the notes, were not as closely allied to the devil as organs, and as much to be eschewed." (2)

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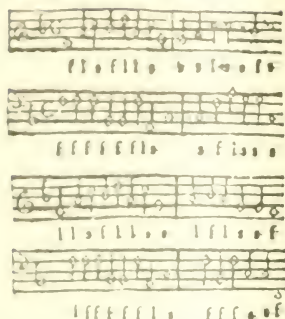
(1) "A HUNDRED YEARS OF MUSIC IN AMERICA", by W. S. B. MATHEWS.

(2) "FAMOUS COMPOSERS AND THEIR WORKS", edited by Paine, Thomas and Klausner, Vol. II, chap.: "Music in America".

The first characteristic of genuine American music was melody. The hymn tunes were unmistakable folk-music, and the melodies with which "Mear", "Coronation" and "Bardonia" have retained their hold on American singers across their world. The original plan of singing these old tunes becomes the epoch in which the Pilgrims separated from European art culture. The tenor, in the

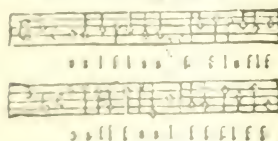
Psalm 73.

Ask Tune.



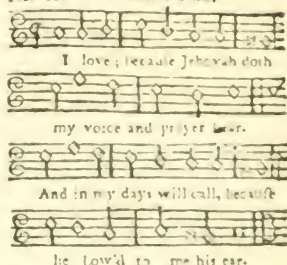
Psalm 111.

Windsor Tune.

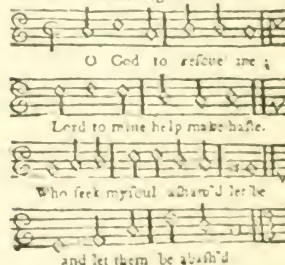


Psalm 116.

Windsor Tune.



Psalm 70. Cambridge Short Tune.



1638

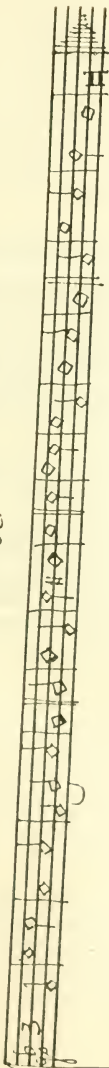
1700 EDITION

columns continued to hold the air, like the old plain song, above the life alto soared in what was known as country. As hymn books were scarce, the clerk lined out the whole or couplet at a time, to the congregation. When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock they brought over a version of the Psalter printed in the Geneva tongue-shaped paper within bags. This book had been compiled

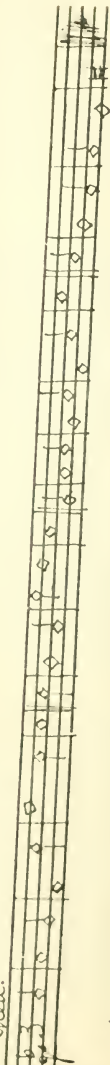


*Mez.*

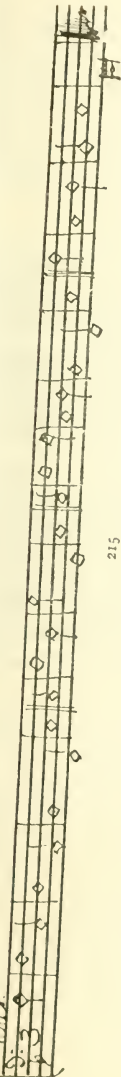
*Cant.*



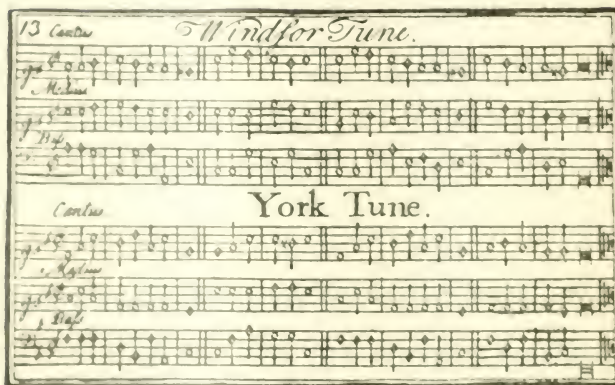
*Med.*



*Bar.*



for them by Henry Ainsworth, of Amsterdam; it represented the musical culture of one of the most musical countries of Europe, applied to the worship of the Protestant brethren. In 1640 the press of Cambridge issued the *First Psalm Book*, compiled by Eliot, Welde, and Mather, of Dorchester. It was the second book printed in the colonies, and ran through seventy editions. This contained no music. Various other compilations from



Page, reduced, from Walter's "Grounds and Rules of Musick"

English sources followed. There were collections printed in America at the end of the seventeenth century (1698); also in 1712, and perhaps earlier; also Walters collection, in 1721, which went through several editions as late as 1764. James Logan, A. B., published "Crania", a large collection, in Philadelphia in 1761 (copies of which may be seen at the Haver Library).

Toward the end of the eighteenth century arose a group of neo-congregational workers and composers of popular hymn melodies, usually itinerant, but almost always artisans—who laid the foundation of American music. "Mear", is one of the first tunes known to be American. It appears

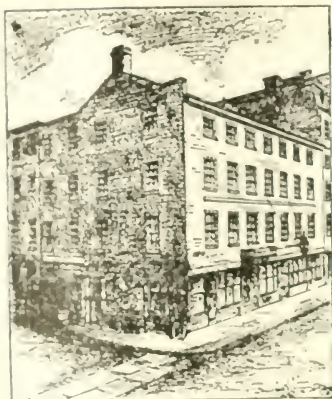
in a book printed by John Barnard in 1727. It was republished in London in 1748, and the tunes in it were named after towns near Plymouth. The present reprint is made from a collection of forty-nine tunes to accompany Rev. Jonh Barnad's Psalms, Boston, 1752. "Engraved, printed, and sold by James, near the Town House, Boston, 1752". Barnard was born in Boston, November 6, 1861, and published "A New Version of the Psalms of David" on his seventy-first birthday. He died January 24, 1770, in Boston." (1)

"The singing schools (for many others followed the one which Boston established in 1717) were an important factor in the advance, for the congregations were no longer on the same level of musical ability, or rather weakness; the number who were skilled in music were apt to gather together, without any express command from the minister, and without being assigned to any especial position in meeting-house. Choirs had therefore erept into some churches before 1750, although there is no official record of the fact. . . . . In the last half of the eighteenth century, because of the victory of the choirs and singnig schools, books of music began to follow each other with great profusion. Newburyport, Northampton, Worcester and Boston, all sent forth their various musical collections. "The American Harmony", "The Gentleman and Ladies Musical Companion", "The Psalm-Singer's Amusement", "The Massachusetts Harmony", "The Suffolk Harmony", and "Laus Deo", all followed in quick succession, the last named being especially interesting, from the fact that it was the first book printed from music type in this country, all its predecessors being engraved works. Naturally, with such a musical activity going on throughout New England, there was also some agitation regarding instrumental music. A few bold spirits desired to introduce the organ into the divine service here, as it was used in foreign

---

(1) "THE MUSIC OF THE MODERN WORLD", Edited by *Anton Scild*, assisted by *F. Morris Smith*, *H. E. Krehbiel* and *W. S. Howard*. Vol. I. Chap.: "Notes on Early American Hymn Tune Composers."

countries, but in this matter the victory was gained with the greatest difficulty, and the conflict of opinions lasted a full century. As early as 1713, Mr. Brattle, a Puritan of Boston, but a man of artistic instincts, and much more liberal than his fellow citizens in theological matters gave, by will, an organ to the Brattle Square Church, with the condition that the offer should be accepted within a year after his decease, and they should "*procure a sober person to play skilfully thereon with a loud voice*" The



Concert Hall

His quotation from the Scripture shows that Mr. Brattle felt that the pill needed some sugar coating, and his doubts upon the subject are further illustrated by a proviso, by which, if his church declined the proffered gift, it was to be offered to "Kings Chapel", the representative of the Church of England in Boston at that time. The vote of the Brattle church was overwhelmingly against the innovation, and the sentence, "We do not think it proper to use the same in the public worship of God", is true to the point. The organ was therefore given to King's Chapel, which used it until 1756, when a new and larger one was bought. An organist was imported from

London to play upon the instrument. This was the first pipeorgan set up in a New England church"..... "In 1770, for the first time in American history, a Congregational church allowed an organ to be used in its service, but this happened in Providence, where bigoted lines were never very strongly drawn"..... "As early as 1756, a public spirited citizen, named Stephen Deblois, built a "Concert Hall" in Boston, and many entertainments were given there. Other concerts took place frequently in Brattle Street, where a "Music Hall" existed. In the early concerts music was combined with dancing, for not only were there occasional fancy dances given in the programme, but the concert was frequently followed by a ball, both entertainments being given at a single admission"..... "In 1770 the first book of native composition appeared in the musical field. It was entitled "The New England Psalm-Singer: or American Chorister. Containing a number of Psalm-tunes, Anthems, and Canons. In four and five parts. (Never before published.) Composed by William Billings, a Native of Boston, in New England. Math. XXI, 16. "Out of the Mouth of Babes and Sucklings hast Thou perfected Praise". James V, 13. "Is any merry? Let him sing Psalms".

*O, Praise the Lord with one consent,  
And in this grand design,  
Let Britain and the Colonies  
Unanimously join."*

Boston, New England. Printed by Edes & Gill"..... "From all the accounts of Billings we believe him to have been a great music-lover, an enthusiast, honest in his convictions, but uncouth in expression and utterly untrained in the school of music which he undertook to compose, the most dignified and difficult school of any. Yet we are not of those who despise his "woodnotes wild," nor are we disposed to jest at his honest love of an art of which he stood only upon the threshold. He was the right man in the right place. A good composer in the higher forms would have utterly failed to appeal to the American public of that time. William Billings broke the ice which was

Coronation. C. M. Words by the Rev. Mr. Medley. ps.

Original.

All hail the power of Jesus name! Let angels praise his feat, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of all.

94

HOLLIS Street. Words by the Rev'd D<sup>r</sup> Byles: PM.

(Unite in the Praise of Jesus our King.) (A tuneful hosanna eternally for Let angels above & saints here below.) (Let all the creation with gratitude glow,

MEDFIELD. Words by the late Sam<sup>l</sup> Byles. M D. LM.

(What a kind God has done for me,) (I'll love the spring from whence they When I say various blessings flow) (my heart with gratitude should glow.)

congealing New England's music, and America owes him a great debt of gratitude spite of his few thousand errors of harmony." (1)

Before closing this section, mention should be made of Billing's followers: Andrew Law, A. B. (Brown University, 1775), born in Cheshire, Conn., 1748 and died aged 72 years. He received the degree of A. M. from Yale College in 1786. Jacob Kimball, Jr. born in 1761; graduated at Harvard in 1780; studied law and was admitted to the bar in Strafford, N. H. in 1795; deserted his profession and devoted himself to music teaching in many New England towns. He died in the poorhouse. Samuel Holyoke, "opposed the fugue tunes". Daniel Read, born in Attleborough, Mass., in 1757 and died in New Haven, Conn. in 1836. Timothy Swan, born in Worcester, Mass. in 1758, and died in Suffield, Conn, where he had spent his life, in 1842. Oliver Holden, author of *Coronation*, which serves to perpetuate his name, was born in Shirley, Mass. 1765. He was a carpenter by trade. He left behind saws and planes to become a musician. He compiled and edited several volumes of music and died at Charlestown, Mass. in 1844.

---

(1) "The National Music of America," by Louis C. Elson.





## INDEPENDENCE PERIOD

*"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world."*

EMERSON, "CONCORD HYMN."



OF WAR



## YANKEE DOODLE

“In looking over an old file of the Albany Statesman edited by N. H. Carter, Esq., we meet with the following interesting note, respecting the origin of the tune “Yankee Doodle,” the words of which were published in the Collections for May. It is known as a matter of history, that in the early part of 1755, great exertions were made by the British Ministry, at the head of which was the illustrious Earl of Chatham, for the reduction of the French power in the provinces of the Canadas. To carry the object into effect, General Amherst, referred to in the latters or Junius, was appointed to the command of the British army in North Western America; and the British colonies in America were called upon for assistance, and contributed with alacrity their several quotas of men, to effect the grand object of British enterprise. It is a fact still in the recollection of some of our oldest inhabitants, that the British army lay encamped, in the summer of 1755, on the eastern bank of the Hudson, a little south of the city of Albany, on the ground now belonging to John I. Van Rensselaar, Esq. To this day vestiges of their encampment remain; and after a lapse of sixty years, when a great proportion of the actors of those days have passed away like shadows from the earth, the inquisitive traveller can observe the remains of the ashes, the places where they boiled their camp kettles. It was this army, that, under the command of Abercrombie, was foiled,

with a severe loss, in the attack on Ticonderoga, where the distinguished Howe fell at the head of his troops, in an hour that history has consecrated to his fame. In the early part of June the western troops began to pour in, company after company, and made a motley assemblage of men never before thronged together on such an occasion, unless an example may be found in the ragged regiment of Sir John Patstall of right merry and facetious memory. 'It would,' said my worthy ancestor, who relates to me the story, 'have pleased the gravity of an anchorite, to have seen the descendants of the Puritans, marching through the streets of our glorious city, to take their station on the left of the British army—some with long coats, some with short coats, and others with no coats at all, in colors as varied as the rainbow—some with their hair cropped, like the army of Cromwell, and others with wigs whose curls flowed with grace around their shoulders. Their march, their accoutrements and the whole arrangement of the troops, furnished matter of amusement to the wits of the British army. The music played the airs of two centuries ago, and the *foot march*, upon the whole, exhibited a sight to the wondering strangers that they had been unaccustomed to or (fearfully) und. Among the club of wits that belonged to the British army, there was a physician attached to the staff, by the name of Doctor Schlackburg, who combined with the science of the surgeon, the skill and talent of a musician. To please brother Jonathan, he composed a *tune*, and with much gravity recommended it to the officers as one of the most celebrated airs of marching music. The joke took, to the no small amusement of the British troops. Brother Jonathan exclaimed it was *rather free*, and in a few days nothing was heard in the regiment except but the air of Yankee Doodle. Little did the author or his coadjutors then suppose, that an air made for the purpose of levity and ridicule, should ever be marked for such high destinies; in twenty years from that time, our national march, inspired the hearts of the heroes of Bunker Hill, and less than thirty, Lord Corn-

wallis and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of Yankee Doodle." (1)

---

"The British fleet was brot to anchor near Castle William, in Boston Harbor, and the opinion of the visitors to the ships was that the 'Yankey Doodle Song' was the capital piece in the band of their musicians." (2)

---

"But the musical prologue to the Revolution was played when Lord Percy marched out of Boston to the relief of Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, who were in great stress at Lexington. (3) That surely was the overture to the great drama that was beginning. The Americans immediately appropriated the tune and for a long time it was called 'The Lexington March.'" (4)

---

"Through the remainder of our Revolution 'Yankee Doodle' was frankly accepted by the Americans as their own. It had been the prelude to the war, it became also its postlude." (5)

---

"This tune, however, was not original with Dr. Schackburg. He made it from an old song which can be traced back to the reign of Charles I.; a song which has in its day been used for a great variety of words. One of the songs, written in ridicule of the Protector, began with this line:— 'The Roundheads and the Cavaliers.'

---

(1) *Letter in Farmer and Moore's Historical Collection for 1824.*

(2) *New York Journal*, Oct. 13, 1768.

(3) "*History of Lexington*," Hudson, "*American Revolution*," Fiske.

(4) *Louis C. Elson, op. cit.*

(5) *Ibid.*

Another set of words to the same tune was entitled  
"Sankso Doodle," and ran thus:—

"Sankso Doodle came to town  
Carrying little money,  
With a feather in his hat,  
And a rummer."

The first American parody upon the original which we have seen was entitled 'Lydia Fisher.' An aged and respectable lady, born in New England, says she remembers it well, and that it was a common song, long before the Revolution. It was also a favorite New England jig.

Before the war it was customary to sing the tune with  
various impromptu verses, such as:—

"Lydia looked out her pocket,  
Lydia Fisher found it,  
But a bit of money in it,  
Ode looking round it."

Perhaps there may be something in this, for within our recollection the 'girls and boys' of Massachusetts had something like it in their sports. But our version is a  
little different from the old lady's and runs thus:—

"Lydia looked out her pocket  
And a rummer stammer;  
Philip Fisher he ran after it,  
And found it in an hour."

At a later period the Tories had a song commencing,—

"Yakso Doodle came to town  
Carrying a brook;  
We set out and feather him,  
And so — — with John Hancock."

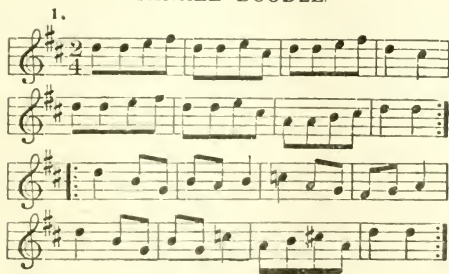
This version has a very strong resemblance to the original, the first line being the same, with the exception of the N for which the Y is substituted. The occurrence of the word feather in the third line is no less remarkable. A long string of similar verses are known to exist, which were supposed to allude to the coming of Oliver Cromwell



(on a small horse) into Oxford, with his single plume, which he wore fastened in a sort of knot, which the adherents of the royal party called 'a macaroni' out of derision. What renders the history of this tune the more remarkable is that to this very day the words of 'Lydia Locket,' alias 'Lucy Locket,' are sung to it by school children.

The tune is written in the same time, and has the same number of bars, as Yankee Doodle; and from its close resemblance, together with the identity of the words, we have little doubt but that the latter (Yankee Doodle) was

### YANKEE DOODLE.



*As published in 1782.*

composed as a sort of parody to the more ancient one; and though perhaps first used or adapted as a military air in 1755, as stated above, some other individual than Dr. Schackburg was the author."—(1)

"Some consider it an old vintage song of France; the Spaniards think their vales have echoed to its notes in

---

(1) "*Mooré's Ency. of Music.*" *Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia."*

early days. (The following is from a secretary of legation at Madrid).—

“Madrid, June 3, 1858.

My Dear Sir. The tune ‘Yankee Doodle’ from the first of my showing it here, has been acknowledged by persons acquainted with music to bear a strong resemblance to the popular airs of Biscay; and yesterday, a gentleman from the North recognized it as being much like the ancient round dance played on solemn occasions by the people of San Sebastian. He says the tune varies in those provinces and proposed in a couple of months to give me the originals as they are to be found in their different corners, that the matter may be judged of and fairly understood. Our national air verily has its origin in the mountains of the free Pyrenees; the first strains are archaically those of the heroic ‘Danza Esparta,’ as it was played to me in brave old Biscay.

Yours truly Jones.

Buckingham Square. (1)

---

“The Mayjars, with Louis Kossuth, recognize in it one of their old national dances. England entertains some ancient tradition of its birth before the times of Cromwell; and the Dutchman claims it as a low country song of Ylles and Hoogyclabber; giving, it is said, as the original words,

“Yes!—Yes! drink, down,  
candle, candle, lantern,  
Kumpster, wauer, wawn,  
Bee-cowk and tauter.”—(2)

---

“When the Americans came out of the city to fight before us, we were engaged in two lines, the Americans on the right, and the French on the left; at the extremity of

(1) “*The National Song*,” by Nassau.

(2) [1851.]

both lines were our general officers. In the midst of them, the beloved Washington was conspicuous, from his great height and beautiful charger, which he managed with inimitable grace. At the moment when the head of the column appeared, all eyes sought Cornwallis, who being detained by indisposition was represented by General O'Hara. The latter either through mistake or determination, offered his sword to General Rochambeau, who by a sign pointed out General Washington, and said that the French army being only auxiliary, it was from the American General that he should receive orders. O'Hara appeared piqued, and advanced towards Washington, who received him with a noble generosity. It was evident to us that the English in their misfortune were especially mortified to be obliged to lay down their arms before Americans, for the officers and soldiers affected to turn their heads towards the French line. Lafayette perceived this, and revenged himself in a very pleasant manner. He ordered the music of the light infantry to strike up 'Yankee Doodle,' an air which the British applied to a song composed to ridicule the Americans,—and which they uniformly sung to all their prisoners. This pleasantry of Lafayette was so bitter to them, that many of them broke their arms in a rage in grounding them on the glæis." (1)

... "Yankee Doodle" has the claim of long association, and will probably always retain a certain degree of a certain kind of favour. But no sane person would ever dream of regarding it as a national hymn. Its words, as all know who have ever heard them, are mere childish burlesque; and its air, if air it must be called, is as comical as its words, and can scarcely be regarded as being properly music." (2)

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(1) "*The Surrender of Cornwallis*," in "*Lafayette in America*," by Levasseur.

(2) "*National Hymns: how they are written and how they are not written*," by Richard Grant White.

"Compared with the later battle songs of the Union, 'Yankee Doodle' dwindles into an aggregation of senseless slang, but its remarkable popularity and power at a time when the American colonists were making the supreme effort for independence closely link it with imperishable historical associations." (1)

## CHESTER

"Bill Billings, the Yankee disciple of the English psalm-tune composer, soon found an opportunity, however, to emancipate himself somewhat from what we may call the English tradition of psalmody. A great political event, the American Revolution, caused the American colonists to turn against everything that was British. The innocent old psalm-tune received a part of the momentary patriotic hatred; and, with the tea, the British tunes were in many instances also thrown overboard. Billings now became the patriotic psalm-singer. He paraphrased the psalms, and transformed them into political hymns, or took such words as he found fit for the expression of the patriotic spirit, and composed or adapted one of his lively psalm-tunes to them. The following words were sung to his well-known tune 'Chester':"

Let America break their iron rod,  
And shewery break her galling chain;  
With God above us, we'll trust in God!  
Now England's God forever reigns.

Then you come in with haughty stride,  
Our troops advance with martial noise;  
They're pressing on, before our arms,  
And coming bold to hard-fell boys."

These patriotic hymns were learned and sung by every child, and in every family, and in the camps of soldiers

---

(1) "Stories of Great National Songs" by Col. Nicholas Smith.

# CHESTER.

BILLINGS. 1770.

MELODY IN THE TENOR.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains a melody with several measures, including a half note and a quarter note. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Both staves end with a double bar line.

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It features two staves, treble and bass clef, maintaining the one-flat key signature and 2/2 time signature. The melody in the upper staff continues with more complex rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The system concludes with a double bar line.

throughout New England. And thus it happened that some of Billing's tunes, appearing in a time of great political excitement, gave expression to the people's sentiment and became effective people's songs." (1)

One needs no doubt, of the vast popularity Billing's works obtained was the patriotic ardor they breathed; and his tune "*Chester*," it is said, was frequently heard from every file in the New England ranks. The spirit of revolution was also manifest in his "*Lamentation over Boston*," his "*Retrospect*," his "*Independence*," his "*Calamities*," and many other pieces." (2)

#### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

The earliest form in which we find the melody of the "Star-Spangled Banner" is in the guise of an English drinking song, entitled "To Anacreon in Heaven" . . . . . The music has long ascribed to Dr. Samuel Arnold (1759-1802), composer to his Majesty's Chapel, and also to John Stafford Smith as a transcriber from the "old French air." The words are attributed to Ralph Tomlinson, who was in the last half of the eighteenth century, president of the Anacreontic Society of London, a wild boisterous club which held its meetings at the "Crown and Anchor" in the Strand. The date of the drinking-song may be placed between 1770 and 1775. Probably at about the time that liberty had its birth in America, the tune which was to become the chief song of freedom had its inception in England. (3)

Here are the verses of the drinking song:

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(1) "*Musical Geography*," by Dr. Frédéric Louis Ritter.

(2) "*The Musical Magazine*," 1841.

(3) *Journal of Music*, 1901, p. 41.

"To Anacreon in Heaven, where he sat in full Glee,  
 A few sons of Harmony sent a Petition.  
 That he their Inspirer and Patron would be;  
 When this answer arrived from the jolly old Grecian.  
 'Voice, Fiddle, and Flute,  
 No longer be mute,  
 I'll lend you my Name and inspire you to boot.  
 And besides, I'll instruct you like me to intwine  
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.'  
 (Chorus repeats last two lines.)

"The news through Olympus immediately flew;  
 When Old Thunder pretended to give himself airs.  
 'If these mortals are suffer'd their schemes to pursue,  
 The Devil a Goddess will stay above stairs.  
 Hark already they cry  
 In Transports of Joy,  
 Away to the Sons of Anacreon we'll fly,  
 And there with good fellows we'll learn to intwine  
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.'  
 (Chorus.)

"The Yellow-haired God and his nine fusty Maids,  
 From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee,  
 Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,  
 And the bi-forked Hill a mere Desart will be.

My Thunder, no fear on't  
 Will soon do its Errand,  
 And dam'ne, I'll swinge the Ringleaders, I war-  
 rant.  
 I'll trim the young dogs, for thus daring to twine  
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.'  
 (Chorus.)

"Apollo rose up and said 'Pr'ythee ne'er quarrell,  
 Good King of the Gods, with my Vot'ries below;  
 Your Thunder is useless,' then, showing his  
 Laurel,  
 Cry'd 'See Evitable Fulmen, you know  
 Then over each Head  
 My Laurels I'll spread  
 So my Suns from your Crackers no Mischief shall  
 dread  
 While snug in their Club Room, they jovially  
 twine  
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.'  
 (Chorus.)

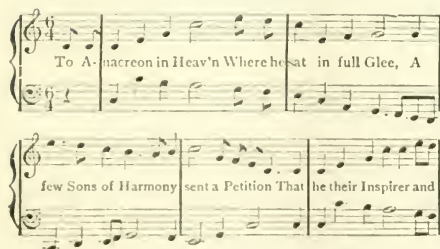
"Next Momus got up with his risible Pniz,  
 And swore with Apollo he'd chearfully join,  
 'The full tide of Harmony still shall be his,  
 For the Song, and the Catch, and the Laugh, shall  
 be mine.  
 Thus Jive be not jealous  
 Of these honest fellows,'

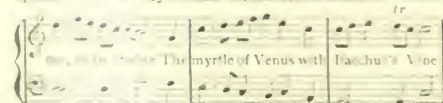
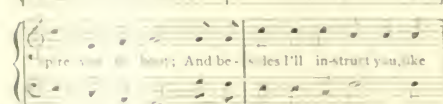
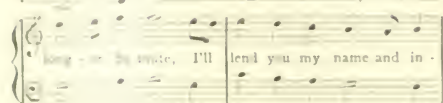
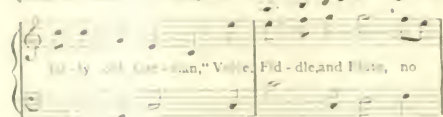
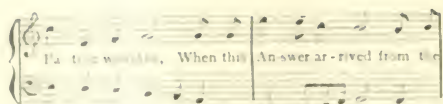


Cry'd Jove — 'We'll relent, since the Truth you  
 now tell us;  
 And swear by Old Styx that they long shall in-  
 twine  
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.'  
 (Chorus.)

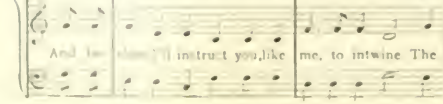
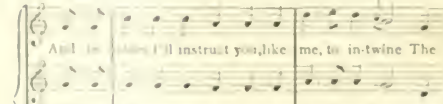
"Ye Sons of Anacreon, then join Hand in Hand;  
 Preserve Unanimity, Friendship, and Love,  
 'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd,  
 You've the sanction of Gods and the Fiat of Jove.  
 While thus we agree  
 Our Toast let it be,  
 May our Club flourish happy, united and free.  
 And long may the Sons of Anacreon intwine  
 The Myrtle of Venus and Bacchus's Vine."  
 (Chorus.)

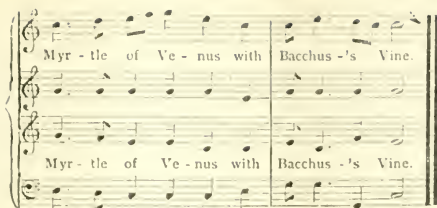
#### THE ORIGINAL MUSIC.





Chorus



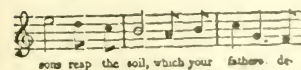
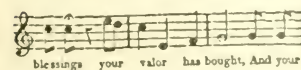
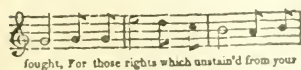
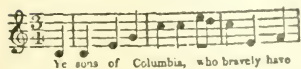


"June 1, 1798, the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society celebrated its anniversary in Boston, with a meeting and banquet. Robert Treat Paine had been commissioned to write a song for this occasion. When first given, it awakened such an enthusiasm that it was immediately published broadcast. Paine received \$750 for the copyright, an enormous sum in those days." (1) Here is the facsimile:

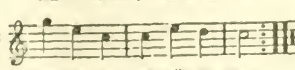
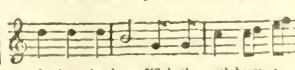
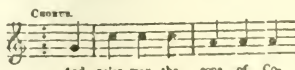
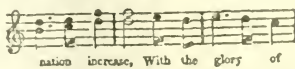
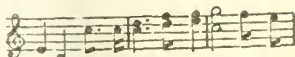
195

**ADAMS AND LIBERTY.**

WRITTEN BY R. T. PAINE, ESQ. IN 1798.



196



From "Boston Musical Miscellany," 1815

(1) *Ibid.*

"*Atlanta and Liberty*" was, however, not broad enough for a permanent hymn. It underwent changes enough to prove that all Americans were familiar with the tune of the old *English* drinking-song. In 1813 it appeared in a *Patriotic Songster* in Philadelphia as "*Jefferson and Liberty*," and on the twenty-fifth of March, in the same year, it was sung at a festival in Boston, "in honour of the Russian achievements over their French invaders," to new words set by Alexander H. Everett.

The above examples may be sufficient to prove that Francis Scott Key must have been absolutely familiar with the melody when he wrote the "*Star Spangled Banner*." 1



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

The words of the *Star Spangled Banner* were written by Francis Scott Key, son of John Russ Key, an officer in the Revolutionary army. He was born Aug. 1, 1779,

and died Jan. 11, 1843. The words were written Sep. 14, 1814, under the following circumstances. After burning Washington, the British advanced towards Baltimore, and were met by a smaller number of Americans, most of whom were captured and taken to the large fleet, then preparing to attack Fort McHenry. Among the prisoners taken at Bladensburg, was a Doctor Beanes, an intimate friend of Mr. Key. Hoping for the Doctor's release, Mr. Key, with a flag of truce, started in a sail-boat for the Admiral's (Cockburn) vessel. Here he was detained in his boat, moored from the stern of the flag-ship, during the terrible bombardment of twenty-five hours, and at last, seeing the "Star-Spangled Banner" still waving, then, as his fashion was, he snatched an old letter from his pocket, and laying it on a barrel-head, gave vent to his delight in the spirited song which he entitled "The Defense of Fort Mc Henry." "The Star-Spangled Banner" was printed within a week in the Baltimore Patriot, under the title of "The Defense of Fort McHenry," and found its way immediately into the camps of our army. Ferdinand Durang, who belonged to a dramatic company, and had played in a Baltimore theatre with John Howard Payne, read the poem effectively to the soldiers encamped in that city, who were expecting another attack. They begged him to set the words to music, and he hunted up the old air of "Adams and Liberty," set the words to it, and sang it to the soldiers who caught it up amid tremendous applause." (1)

Whenever the spirit of patriotism rises to its divinest height, this song is sure to be present. On the Sunday following the firing on Sumter, the scene in thousands of churches in the North was one which attested the loyalty of our people; and the memory of those stirring times and all which the Sabbath meant to this Union has not grown dim in the passing of a third of a century. When men and women met to worship on that day, they also met

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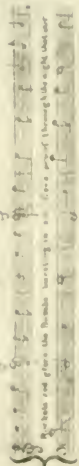
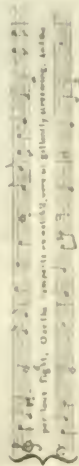
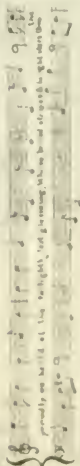
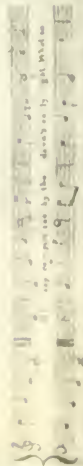
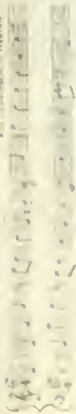
(1) *Johnson: "Our Familiar Songs."* *Anderson's "History,"*  
*Nason, et al.*

# THE

## STAR SPANGLED BANNER

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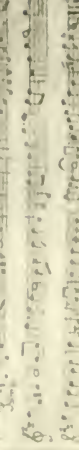
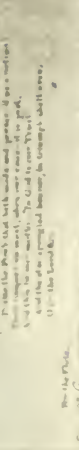
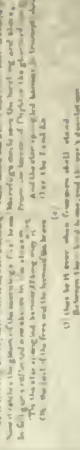
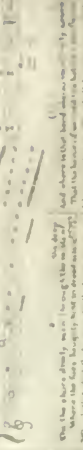
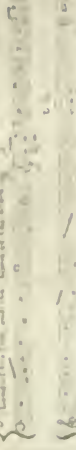


# Star Spangled Banner

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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

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to vow their allegiance to the flag; and in hundred of churches the pulpits were draped with the Stars and Stripes, and there went up from the hearts, as well as from the lips of the people, the sublime strains of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Just four years after the flag was hauled down at Sumter, there was a memorable gathering at the same fort. It was on the very day Lincoln was assassinated. The selfsame flag, shell-tattered in the bombardment of 61, was to be re-hoisted. Henry Ward Beecher was requested by the United States government to go to Sumter and deliver the oration. It was a day of victory for "Old Glory." After the cannon had given some emphatic expressions of exultant gladness, the flag was uncovered at the base of the staff, and a ripple of applause passed over the multitude, but this was hushed as if by the very breath of God, and the pent-up feelings of the great orator and of the vast concourse broke out in tears and sobs of joy. But when Maj. Anderson hoisted the flag, and it floated beautifully out in the charming breeze of a perfect day, the band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," and the people gave their patriotic emotions full sway in singing the song of the flag triumphant...

One week after the blowing up of the battleship *Maine*, the orchestra, at Daly's Theatre in New York, had played a few bars of the regular program, when suddenly it changed to "The Star Spangled Banner." The patriotic tune had not proceeded far before there came a tremendous yell. No one knew from whence it came, for it seemed to come from every-where at once. A report of the scene says that the patriotic play-goers forgot their surroundings, and leaping to their feet, cheered in a way that drowned the orchestra. Women waved their fans, handkerchiefs and programs, others joined in the refrain, and finally the whole audience rose and sang the inspiring words until the music ceased; and the soul-stirring scene closed with a mighty shout that fairly shook the walls. It was said that not another such event had been witnessed in any New York theatre since civil war times.....

One of the most thrilling incidents in the annals of war, showing the power of patriotic song, was that on the ramparts of Santiago on that memorable Friday, the 1<sup>st</sup>, of July, 1898. I think it was in the Twenty-first regulars, that man after man was fast falling in blood and death before a blazing fire of Mauser bullets, when the soldiers, catching a fresh gleam of the flag at a critical moment, spontaneously began to sing "The Star Spangled Banner," and its majestic strains so thrilled the souls of the men that they seemed to be nerved by some superhuman power to defy the odds of battle, and to win the victory that sealed the fate of Santiago. (1)

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(1) See STEPHEN SMITH, *op. cit.*







OF CHEER AND PATHOS



## THE PRESIDENT'S MARCH

(HAIL COLUMBIA)

"Hail Columbia" has become the most threadbare of our national songs; it is a representative of a bygone epoch of braggadocio and extreme hyperbole. . . . Yet it remains interesting as a realistic picture of its time. It arose in a manner which in itself would forbid its being an art work of highest class; the cart, in this case, was put before the horse, the music written long before the words, the poetry forced upon the tune afterward.

During the Revolution there was a very tawdry march often played by the American bands, entitled "The Washington March." When Washington was elected the first President of the United States, some musician hit on the idea of composing something better to celebrate the event and for performance on public occasions thenceforward. . . . ; "it is definitely known that the composition was written in 1789, and that it was called "The President's March" . . . . .

But "The President's March" would eventually have died a natural death, had it not suddenly received an accession of patriotic words. These words were written by J. Hopkinson, Esq., . . . . . (1)

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"It is one of the curiosities of history that the first American song of a national character was written for

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(1) LOUIS C. ELSON, *op cit.*

the purpose of drawing a large house to a theatrical performance in Philadelphia in order to save a young singer and actor from pecuniary embarrassment.<sup>(1)</sup> (1)

"The field upon which the revolution consisted mainly of *Yankee Doodle*, *On the Road to Boston*, *Barth Feltichy*, *My Dear and Cate*, and *Washington's March*, (the latter composed by the Hon. Francis Hopkinson.) (2) On the occasion of Gen. Washington's attendance at the John St. Theatre in New York, in 1789, a German named Fyles, who was leader of the orchestra, composed a piece in compliment to him and called it the "The President's March," which soon became a popular favorite. The words of *Hurrah Columbus*, were written by Joseph Hopkinson, son of Francis and Mary Borden Hopkinson, who was born in Philadelphia, November 12, 1770. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania; studied law with Judge Wilson and Mr. Bayle, and practiced with brilliant success in his native city; was twice elected to Congress from Philadelphia, 1815 and 1817. In 1828 he was appointed Judge of the District of Pennsylvania, this being the same office which his father held by Washington's appointment. Judge Joseph Hopkinson remained in office till his decease, which took place June 15, 1842. The following is Judge Hopkinson's own account of the origin of "*Hurrah Columbus*," written August 24, 1840, for the Wyoming Band, at Wilkesbarre at their desire.

This song was written in the summer of 1798, when a war with Great Britain thought to be inevitable, Congress then being in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon their important subject, an act of hostility having actually occurred. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one or the other; some thinking that policy and duty required us to take part with republican France, (as also was called) others were for our connecting

(1) See *American Gazette*, *op. cit.*

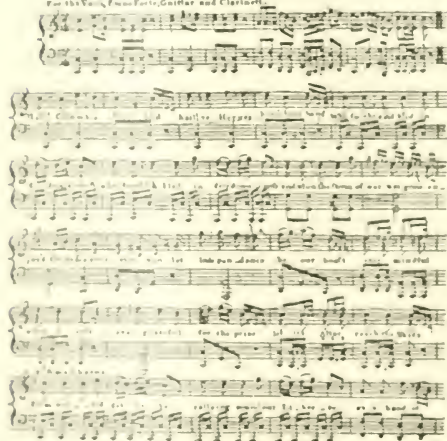
(2) See *Appendix*.

ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both; to take part with neither, but to keep a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people which espoused her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, as it did at that time, on that question. The theatre was then open in our City. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was good as a singer, was about to take his benefit, I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me on Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. He said he had no boxes taken, and his prospect was, that he should suffer a loss instead of receiving a benefit from the performance; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the "President's March," (then the popular air), he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of the march. I told him I would try for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to excess, and so continued, night after night, for the rest of the season, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in the choros. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general and the song was heard, I may say, in every part of the United States. The object of the author was to get up an American spirit, which should be independent of and above the interests, passions and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our honor and our rights. Not an allusion is made either to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to which was

1894

Written by J. HOPKINSON Bfg.

For the Year Ending Early October and Christmas.





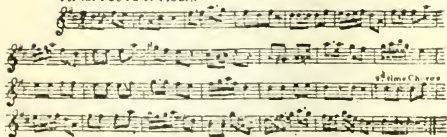


2  
Immortal Patriots rise once more  
Defend your rights—defend your shore  
Let no rude foe with impious hand  
Lest no rude foe with impious hand  
Invade the Shrine where sacred lies  
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize  
While offering peace sincere and just  
In heav'n we place a worthy trust  
That truth and justice will prevail  
And every scheme of bondage fail  
Firm—united &c

3  
Sound the tramp of arms  
Let Washington's great name  
Ring thro' the world with loud applause  
Ring thro' the world with loud applause  
Let every clime to Freedom dear  
Vibrate with a joyful ear—  
With equal skill 'with godlike power  
He governs in the peaceful hour  
Of horrid war or guides with ease  
The happier times of honest peace—  
Firm—united &c

4  
Behold the Chief who now commands  
Once more to serve his Country stands  
The rock on which the storm will beat  
The rock on which the storm will beat  
But stand in virtue firm and true  
His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you—  
When hope was sinking in dismay  
When glooms o'ercast Columbus' day  
His steady mind from changes free  
Refused on Death or Liberty—  
Firm—united &c

For the FLUTE or VIOLIN



## MOUNT VERNON

Stephen Jenks, composer of *Mount Vernon* and *Evening Shade*, was born in Gloucester, Providence County, R. I., March, 17, 1772; moved to Ellington, Conn., in 1775. He married Hannah Dauchy, of Ridgefield, Conn. From 1800 to 1810 he spent most of his time in teaching and composing. He taught in Connecticut and New Hampshire. He lived with his second wife—Abigail Ross—in Providence, R. I., whence he removed to Thompson, Ohio, on September 27, 1827; there he purchased a farm, taught music, and manufactured drums and tambourines. He published eight collections of psalmody. His daughter records of him that he was a true lover of music, and was

never known to come of vain or trifling time. His most famous poem is *Demos* (now called *Barbarians*), composed in 1800; *Liberty* (1793) and *Harp* (1800) are also his. (1)

Miss Eliza Follen, who composed on the death of Gen. Washington to the words:

What solemn comes the air around?  
Ev'ning hovers the awful mantle flies,  
Where once our country bary the eye  
What hope remains beneath the sky?  
Our Reason, Protector, Strength and Trust,  
Lies low—considering in the dust.

## HOME, SWEET HOME

If "The Old Folks at Home" is one of the chief home-songs of the world and may also claim its companion work, possibly yet more widely known, as an American production, but containing the words belong to our country, —the poem of "Home, Sweet Home" John Howard Payne, the author of the words, was born in New York in 1792.

It is scarcely proper to claim "Home, Sweet Home" as an American song, but we may be permitted to correct a few errors regarding it. It was a song in a musical play entitled "Clar, the Maid of Milan," which Payne wrote in England in 1823. The music was partly composed, partly arranged, by Henry R. Bishop, afterwards Sir Henry Bishop. The play revolved around the central poem of a song which brings the betrayed and forsaken heroine back to her kindred—"Home, Sweet Home." In the early printed editions of this work, the

<sup>(1)</sup> *Forbes, American Literature*, 101.

tune is distinctly marked "*A Sicilian Air*," and it is hardly probable that Bishop would not have acknowledged it, had he composed the now world-famous melody. He lived thirty-three years after the performance of "*Clari*," yet never proved his composership of this particular tune, which had meanwhile become celebrated beyond any work that he had written. The play containing the song was first performed at Covent Garden, May 8, 1823, and



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

November 12<sup>th</sup> of the same year it was first heard in New York, Mrs. Holman being the first to sing the melody in America. (1)

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Payne wrote the loveliest home-song the world ever sang, "*Home, Sweet Home*," but not after the age of thirteen, when his mother died, did he know what it was

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(1) Louis C. Elson, *op. cit.*

to have a home; and closed his strange life on the distant shores of the Mediterranean . . . . It was in this opera—"Clarissa or the Maid of Milan," that one song was found that melted the heart of London and of the world, and the plaintive melody is everywhere familiar, and everywhere its tender pathos invests with affectionate regard the memory of John Howard Payne.

Mid pleasures and passions though we may roam,  
Be it ever so lonely, there's no place like home!  
A shadow from the scenes seems to hallow us there,  
Which, sent through the world, is n'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

An eye from some splendor dazzles in vain,  
Oh! give me my lowly, thatch'd cottage again;  
The birds singin' gaily that come at my call;  
Give me home, with the peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

How sweet to sit beneath a fond father's smile;  
And the comfort a mother to soothe and beguile,  
How sweet delight and new pleasures to roam,  
And give me, Oh! give me the pleasures of home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
Oh! give me, Oh! give me the pleasures of home.

To thee, I'm sworn, unphased with care,  
The heart's truest wishes will smile on me there;  
So soon from that cottage again will I roam,  
Be it ever so lonely; there's no place like home.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home; there's no place like home.

The opera was enormously prosperous and made fortunes for all concerned in it except the always unfortunate and dependent writer of the song. . . .

The universality of the words made the song greatly successful—and new authority has it that one hundred thousand copies were sold in a single year, and that within two years after its publication the song had yielded the original publisher a net profit of \$10,000.—It secured for Miss M. Tyler who sang the first person to sing "Home,

"Sweet Home," a husband, and a mansion filled with plenty; while the writer of the song was in a lonely and almost hopeless struggle with pinching want. It is claimed that he not only lost the £25 which was to have been paid him for the copyright on the twentieth performance of the "Maid of Milan," but was not even complimented with a copy of his own song by the publishers. (1)

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(1) COL. NICHOLAS SMITH, *op. cit.*



## CIVIL WAR PERIOD

*"Thou too sail, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shapped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'T is of the wave and not the rock;  
'T is but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee!  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"*

LONGFELLOW, *"The Building of the Ship"*





OF WAR



## MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Among the songs of the Union which have a living popularity there is none more deeply cherished than Henry C Work's remarkable song, "Marching Through Georgia." It came into being to commemorate one of the most striking episodes of the war, the famous march of Sherman from Atlanta to the sea. It was a song, of the last grand effort of the war of the Rebellion, and from the first it had a powerful influence in reviving hope and courage during the closing days of 1864.....

Henry C. Work was nine years old when his father was sentenced to twelve years imprisonment for bestowing charity upon the fugitives. Henry had vivid remembrances of his father's persecution, and had an ardent desire to render some service in the cause of the Union, and Dr. Root encouraged him to write songs for the boys who were strong enough to fight, and his war pieces became a marvelous power in the army.....

Mr. Work wrote some splendid army songs, but his reputation will rest on

### MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Bring the good old bugle, boys,  
We'll sing another song;  
Sing it with the spirit  
That will start the world along;  
Sing it as we used to sing it,  
Fifty thousand strong,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

Hurrah! hurrah! We bring the jubilee!  
Hurrah! hurrah! The flag that makes you free;  
So we sing the chorus from Atlanta to the sea  
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the drums shouted  
When they heard the joyful sound,  
How the fife-boys gobbled  
While our cannonary found,  
How the great potatoes  
Were started from the ground  
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men  
Who wept with joyful tears,  
When they saw the honored flag  
That had not seen for years,  
Hardly could they be restrained  
From breaking forth in cheers,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

Wharman - danking Yankee boys  
Will never reach the coast,"  
So the army rebels said,  
A most handsome boast,  
But they had forgot, alas!  
To reckon with their host,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare  
For freedom and her train,  
Every man his attitude,  
Those landed for the main;  
Treason and secession  
Were no more in vain  
While we were marching through Georgia.

There is an expression of enthusiasm in this war tune which is as fresh now as it was thirty-four years ago. A story is told that a veteran living in the backwoods of Ohio was called out to march with other members of the Grand Army of the Republic. He had borne the burden and heat of many days in the civil war, and the hard service and the length of years were telling upon him. After marching a mile or two, the strain became too severe

for the old soldier. His step was uncertain, and he could hardly keep up with the others. Finally the commander said to him:

"Say, Tom, keep step; you are throwing out the whole line." "Cap, how kin a feller keep step leading the line with one of the popular airs of the day. "Why don't they play something like this?" and he hummed, in a



HENRY C. WORK

voice husky and scratchy and out of tune, a strain from "Marching Through Georgia." The captain laughed and turned away, and the introductory notes of the next piece caused the old fellow to straighten up. His cudgel waved about like the baton of a drummajor, and a little later a thousand feet were coming down as one; the fatigue of the march was forgotten, and a thousand voices were joined in the rousing chorus. (1)

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(1) COL. NICHOLAS SMITH, *op. cit.*

## TOOTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND

In order to get the story of the song stripped of all fiction, I wrote to Mr. Kittredge, requesting the original facts connected with its birth, and on the 2d of May, 1897, he wrote from his home at Reed's Ferry, N. H., as follows:



WALTER KITTREDGE.

"[I will now try to give you a little history of 'Tooting on the old Camp-ground'. I wrote the words and music at the same time our regiment was preparing to go down South to join the boys at Vicksburg, and I found we have something to sing for them, as that was our only resource, giving concerts for a few years before the war. I could not find the song in town, thinking of my wife and little daughter, but I was not despondent when examined by the physician. He thought I could do my part better to sing for Uncle Sam, so I kept writing and singing for Liberty and Union. The song was composed in 1862, and published by Ditson, Boston, in 1864.

"WALTER KITTREDGE."

Mr. Kittredge was born in Merrimae, N. H., in 1832. At the age of wenty he began to give ballad concerts, and four years later he sang with Joshua Hutchinson, of the noted Hutchinson family. After the war broke out in 1861, he compiled a "Union Song Book," which was only a moderate success. His only composition which had merit enough to keep it alive is "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." Like many other singers, Kittredge is a "poet" of one song only, and his fame rests solely upon the product of a sudden "inspiration"—if that term is permissible in this connection.

"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" is not an animating battle piece, of course, but is peculiarly touching in sentiment and plaintive in melody; and many thousands of soldiers, in the monotony of camp life and on weary marches, when thoughts of home burdened the mind, found relief in its pathetic tones and in the delightful harmony of the chorus. Such a song has a powerful hold upon human feelings. It touches the better part of our natures, and "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," though not a song that has made exciting history, will be long and affectionately associated with the patriotic struggle for liberty and Union. (1)

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(1) COL. NICHOLAS SMITH, *op. cit.*





## "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!"

James Russell Lowell pronounced "Maryland, My Maryland," the finest poem (not a song) which the civil war produced. Some may regard this as too high praise, but the fact remains that it is one of the most refined and artistic poetical productions of the war between the states, and has given lasting fame to its author—James Ryder Randall. (1)

Here is the poem in full:

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,  
Maryland!

His touch is at thy temple door,  
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore  
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,  
And be the battle queen of yore,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,  
Maryland!

My mother state! To thee I kneel,  
Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,  
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,  
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,  
Maryland!

Thy beaming sword shall never rust,  
Maryland!

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(1) Born in Baltimore on the first day of 1839.

Downed Howard's sacred trust,  
Downed Howard's warlike thrust,  
And sit thy conquerors with the just,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come, on thy sword is bright and strong,  
Maryland!  
Come, on thy gallant deep-flowing song,  
Maryland!

Come to our open haven, bring  
Thou trader with liberty along,  
And give a new key to thy song,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Keep thou hands upon thy cheek,  
Maryland!  
And thou wilt ever bravely meek,  
Maryland!  
Hark! hark, those warlike birds a throng,  
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,  
Outpace with thy Chesapeake,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt out-gird the Vandal's toll,  
Maryland!  
Thou wilt bid creek to his control,  
Maryland!  
Enter thou upon the roll,  
After the whale, the shot, the bomb,  
Thou conqueror of the soul,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear thy distant thunder hum,  
Maryland!  
Thou art the eagle, the and drum,  
Maryland!  
Still thou shalt not deaf nor dumb—  
Thou art the voice of the Northern sum!  
She battles, she battles! She'll come, she'll come!  
Maryland, my Maryland!

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"When a great Ode has been born in such a time there always comes a motive to write it in song. 'Music is the universal language of the soul'." . . . In June (1861) a glee-vind held a morning at the Baltimore home of Miss Hotty Cary, who afterwards became the wife of Professor

H. Newell Martin, the distinguished biologist and author at John Hopkins University. Miss Cary's home was the gathering place of many Baltimore sympathizers with the cause of the South, and it was for the purpose of considering the ways and means of assisting the Confederacy that the club held the meeting which became so memorable in its results. Miss Cary had read "Maryland, My



JAMES R. RANDALL

Maryland" in the papers, (April 1861), and when her sister, Miss Jenny, who had charge of the program, searched hopelessly for something to sing which would encourage and fire the Southern heart, Miss Hetty began to recite the poem in a tone earnest and eloquent, when her sister exclaimed: "Lauriger Horatius," and in a few moments the burning words had found their mate and that night, "Maryland, My Maryland!"—to use an expression of Alexander H. Stephens, the Confederate vice-president—became "the Marseillaise of the Confederacy."

"Lauriger Horatius" is said to be a German composition, and for some time had been popular as a college tune.<sup>(1)</sup>

The beautiful German student melody, "O Tannenbaum," was seized upon for "Maryland, My Maryland" and sung to the fiery words of James Ryder Randall. The tune was too good to be lost by either side, and soon after the Southern setting, Northern versions followed, so that the old German praise of friendship and loyalty became a song of war on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line.<sup>(2)</sup>

(1) Col. Smith, *op. cit.*

(2) Kimm, *op. cit.*

## DIXIE LAND

“.....‘Dixie Land,’ which is really the proper name of the song, was written by Emmett in 1859, while he was a member of the celebrated ‘Bryant’s Minstrels,’ which then held forth at N<sup>o</sup> 472 Broadway, in New York City. (1) His engagement with them was to the effect that he should hold himself in readiness to compose for them a new ‘walk-around’ whenever called upon to do so, and to sing the same at the close of their performance. The circumstances attending the composition of ‘Dixie’ are interesting: One Saturday night after a performance Mr. Emmett left the hall and was proceeding homeward when he was overtaken by Jerry Bryant and asked to make a ‘hooray’ and bring it to the rehearsal Monday morning. Mr. Emmett replied that it was a short time in which to make a good one, but that he would do his best to please Mr. Bryant. He composed the ‘walk-around’ next day, Sunday, and took it to rehearsal Monday morning, music and words complete. The tune and words of ‘Dixie’ as now sung are Mr. Emmett’s exactly as he then wrote them. At times different aspirants for its authorship have been cut short in their attempts to lay claim to it by the timely interference of friends of the composer.”

The following is the full text of the original song:

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(1) Daniel D. Emmett, born in Mount Vernon, Ohio, October 29, 1815.

I wish I was in de good ole nation, old times dar are not forgotten;  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!  
 In Dixie land where I was born in, early, on yon frosty mornin',  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

(CHORUS)

Now I wish I was in Dixie, honey! honey!  
 In Dixie land I'll look my stand, to live and die in Dixie  
 Away, away with mine south in Dixie!  
 Away, away, away, look south in Dixie!

One messenger, "Auntie-sister", William was a gay doctaher;  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!  
 But when he got his arms around, dar, he smiled as merry as a forty-  
 pointer;  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

His face you say is a butcher's cleaver, but dat did not seem to  
 frighten her;  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!  
 Oh, when sister I (told) her part, and died for a man dat broke her  
 heart;  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

From Jack's mouth in de heart she knows, wh' all de gals dat wan to  
 know;  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!  
 But if you want to know 'way norrow, come on" hear dis song to-  
 morrow;  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Dar's no better make (at) any better, makes you fat or a little  
 fatter;  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!  
 Don't let it break no heart your gratification, to Dixie's land I'm bound  
 to gratify;  
 Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

It is interesting to know how "Dixie" became  
 the Southern song. A spectacular performance was  
 given at New Orleans late in the fall of 1860. Each  
 performer sang about all that was lacking with a grand  
 chorus and some powerful grand choruses, a part the leader  
 had intoned all the very last moment. A great many  
 numbers and songs were tried, but none could be decided

upon. 'Dixie' was suggested and tried, and all were so enthusiastic over it that it was at once adopted and given in the performance. Immediately it was taken up by the populace, and sung in the streets, in homes and concerts halls daily. It was taken to the battlefields and there established as the Southern Confederate war song. When asked what suggested the words and tune of 'Dixie,' Mr



DANIEL D. EMMETT

Emmett said that when the cold wintry days of the North set in, all minstrels had a great desire to go to 'Dixie's land' to escape the hardships and cold. On a cold day a common saying was, as Mr Emmett expresses it, 'O! I wish I was in Dixie's land,' and with this as a key he concluded with the words as given above. The tune of "Dixie" was composed in much the same way; one bar of music set the key for the immortal 'Dixie' ". . . . . " . . . . . Em-

nett is now nearly eighty years old, but he is a 'young old man' whose allegories of mind impresses one as that of a younger man. Unfortunately for him, his lot in life is not a pleasant one. Unable to work, he derives a very rude subsistence. He is practically forsaken, as well as poor. Few of the outside world know that he is the man who through one of his songs, moved millions of hearts and helped to fight and win many battles. He is a prophet in his own family. But this is all. Thousands who know the words of his famous song, know not the name of its composer. To all intents and purposes, he is forgotten. And what is sadder still, he carries the hard burdens of poverty. Practically, his only present return for his song is the knowledge of the service it rendered in troublous times. Yet it seems to me that this man ought not to be entirely overlooked by the nation which he served so well. (1)

"Musicians may shrug their shoulders as much as they please, great orchestral leaders may state that 'Dixie' is 'poor music,' yet the fact remains that 'Dixie' was a great influence in the battle field, and remains a favourite in the days of peace. Abraham Lincoln loved the tune and many of the Northern soldiers enjoyed its measures even when it represented the enemy to them. It was one of the most characteristic melodies that sprang from the South of the war, although written as a picture of peace and happiness. It is thoroughly representative of the "land o' cotton, cotton seed, an' sandy bottom," which is more important in such a matter than a severe adherence to laws of classical form or rigid harmony." (2)

It may be hardly more than a jig, as the Confederate *Minstrel* called it, but there is in it that

(1) Frederick W. Douglass, in *Pittsburg Dispatch*, 1895. Reproduced by Col. South, p. 11.

(2) *Minstrel C. Minstrel*, op. cit.



indefinable quality that made it alluring from the commencement of its career. And in the war with Spain, in far off Manila, in the battles around Santiago, in the camps in Porto Rico, in marches by land, in travels by sea, the soldiers were cheered by the strains of 'Dixie'. Its beginning was in the minstrel show, it was dedicated as a battle song in the great uprising of the South, and in its last estate it has a place among the enduring music of the Union." (1)

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(1) COL. N. SMITH, *op. cit.*



OF CHEER AND PATHOS

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## DANDY JIM OF CAROLINE

I've often heard it said of late,  
Dat Souf Ca'lina was the State  
Whar handsome nigga's bound to shine  
Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.

For my ole massa tole me so,  
I'm de best looking nigga in the county oh,  
I look in de glass, and I found it so,  
Just as massa tell me, oh.

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I drest myself from top to toe,  
And down to Dinah I did go,  
Wid pantaloons strapped down behind,  
Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.

For my ole massa tole me so, etc.

---

De bull dog cleared me out ob de yard,  
I tought I'd better leabe my card,  
I tied it fast to a piece ob twine,  
Signed "Dandy Jim of Caroline."

For my ole massa tole me so, etc.

---

She got my card, and wrote me a letter,  
And ebery word she spelt de better,  
For ebery word and ebery line,  
Was Dandy Jim of Caroline.

For my ole massa tole me so, etc.

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Oh, Doudy as big skin deep,  
But not Moss Doudy none compete;  
She changed her name from Jolly Dine,  
To Moss Doudy Jim of Caroline.  
For my old massa told me so, etc.

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As Georgy little nig she had,  
Was de berry image ob de dad,  
But later sick and three feet behind,  
Like Doudy Jim of Caroline.  
For my old massa told me so, etc.

---

I took him all to church one day,  
An' baptizem Christen'd widout delay,  
He prebaptiz Christen'd eight or nine,  
Young Doudy Jims of Caroline.  
For my old massa told me so, etc.

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As when de preacher took his text,  
He seemed to be berry much perplexed,  
For nothing run across his mind,  
But Doudy Jones of Caroline.  
For my old massa told me so, etc.

## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

### AND

## OLD FOLKS AT HOME

It is curious to observe the American white man, on the whole indifferent as to the creation of original songs, imitating and appropriating the melodie forms and tonal characteristics of the songs of the colored slave. But not alone are the forms of the melodie material of the slave-songs to be found in the "negro-minstrel" ballads: we also find the quaint, fantastic, often grotesque forms of speech of those songs imitated by the white composer in order to give his ballad a certain *couleur locale*, and to make it more attractive. These ballads have become very popular, especially as sung on the stage of that peculiarly American institution, the negro minstrel performance, and have absorbed the talent of many American ballad-composers; among whom the genial *Stephen C. Foster* was undoubtedly the most naturally gifted and most successful.

The great-grandfather of Foster — Alexander Foster — came to America from Londonderry, in North Ireland, about the year 1825. The father of our ballad-composer was a man of culture, and well known for his generosity and hospitality. He performed with taste and feeling upon the violin, but never played much, and then only for the amusement of his children. He built himself a handsome residence near Pittsburg, overlooking the

Alleghany River. It was here that Stephen Collins Foster was born on July 4, 1826, while the cannon at the arsenal were firing the salute in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. The mother of Stephen S. Foster—Eliza Clayland Tomlinson—was brought up on the eastern shore of Maryland, where her ancestors, the Claylands, had lived since the first settlement of the State by the English. Mrs. Foster was a woman of superior intellect and culture, and endowed with fine poetic fancy. Stephen C. Foster entered, in 1840, the Athens Academy in the northern part of Pennsylvania; in 1841 he went to Jefferson College near Pittsburgh. But he never liked the restraints of the schoolroom, and most of his accomplishments he acquired by himself. He was a great student, and taught himself French and German, and was a tolerably good painter. He pored constantly over the works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. He had from childhood been a musician, and at the age of seven years he learned, unaided, to play upon the flageolet. But it was at Athens that his first musical composition was performed,—a waltz which he arranged for four flutes. In 1842 he composed his first published song, "Open thy Lattice, Love." With the exception of this song, he nearly always wrote the words and music of his ballads. In 1845-46 he composed "The Louisiana Belle," "Old Uncle Ned," and "O Sodomah," for his brother and a party of young men who met twice a week at his father's house, to practice singing under his instruction, and who had become tired of the old ballads then in vogue.

The next pieces he wrote were "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Dix' Tray," "Massa's in the Cold Ground,"

"Gentle Annie," "Willie, we have missed you," "I would not die in springtime," "Come where my Love lies dreaming," "I see her still in my dreams," "Old Black Joe," "Ellen Boyne" (from which the air of "John Brown's Body" was afterwards taken), "Laura Lee," and about one hundred and fifty others. Most of his ballads became immensely popular all over the



country. His last song was "Beautiful Dreamer." He died in New York, on the 13th of January, 1864. He was staying at the American Hotel, and was attacked with ague and fever. In attempting to dress himself when too weak to do so, he swooned and fell, striking the wash-water pitcher, which cut one of the small arteries in the side of his face. He lost so much blood that he died three days afterwards. He is buried in the "Alleghany Cementery" at Pittsburg, beside his father and mother, and not far from the spot where he was born. A plain tombstone marks his grave.

Foster was of a gentle, sweet temper, and full of feeling. His love and devotion to this father and mother were conspicuous traits of his character, and when they died his grief was sad to behold. He never could speak of his mother, after her death, without shedding tears. All these natural, noble, and refined qualities made Foster the sweet singer of so many pure songs. His ballads are, with regard to melodic and harmonic treatment, very *naïve* and simple; tonic, dominant, and subdominant are all the harmonic material upon which they rest. But beyond this natural simplicity, a genuinely sweet and extremely pleasing (though at times a little too sentimental) expression is to be found; and a good deal of originality in melodic inventiveness belongs to the Foster ballad, though in some of his later ballads, after he had reached great popularity, the composer often repeated himself. The harmonic accompaniment, for pianoforte or guitar, is extremely simple; but simplicity is here in place; a richer harmonic setting would have interfered with the natural simplicity of these songs. Foster's ballads reflect a gentle, refined spirit; they are the old psalm-tunes idealized and transplanted into their real secular sphere, with a certain Irish strain of pathos superadded. The composer of "Old Dog Tray," "Old Kentucky Home," etc., said *naïvely* and gently what he had to say, without false pretension or bombastic phrases; but his sweet sayings touch the heart and remain in the memory. Numerous were the imitators of his peculiar

style, but none possessed Foster's natural æsthetic taste and gentility. He may be called the American people's composer par excellence. (1)

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(2) His masterpiece must be considered "The Old Folks at Home" (*Way down upon de Swanee Ribber*), of which about half a million copies were sold. A more tender lyric of home and its memories has never been written. We pity the musician who finds it "too simple" because it does not stray far from tonic, dominant, and subdominant harmonies; richer musical treatment would, in almost every case, spoil Foster's heart songs. (2)

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(1) Everett, *op. cit.*

(2) Rosen, *op. cit.*

SECOND PART



## MODERN PERIOD

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*In the ninth century Iceland was the musical center of the world; students went there from all Europe as to an artistic Mecca. Iceland has long lost her musical crown. And Welsh music in its turn has ceased to be the chief on earth. Russia is sending up a strong and growing harmony marred with much discord. Some visionaries look to her for the new song. But I do not hesitate to match against the serfs of the steppes the high-hearted, electric-minded free people of our prairies; and to prophesy that in the coming century the musical supremacy and inspiration of the world will rest here overseas, in America.*

RUPERT HUGHES.



OF ART AND EVOCATION





VAN DER STUCKEN. (Frank V.)

(1858)

Born Oct. 15, 1858, Fredericksburg (Texas), whence, however, his parents went to Antwerp about 1868, where he became a pupil of Benoit. He travelled, from 1879-80,



FRANK VAN DER STUCKEN

in Germany, Italy, and France, was theatre capellmeister at Breslau 1881-82, lived with Grieg at Rudolstadt 1883, and had his own compositions performed at Weimar under Liszt's auspices. In 1884 V. d. S. undertook the direction

of the male choral society "Arion"<sup>11</sup> at New York. Of his compositions there should be mentioned the opera *Vladis*, music to Shakespeare's *Tempest*, overture to an opera *Rotchop*, a Te Deum, and other choral and orchestral works; also songs and pf. pieces.

"The influence of this man, who is certainly one of the most important musicians of his time, is bringing Cincinnati back to its old musical prestige". . . . "As a composer, Van der Stucken shows the same originality and power that characterize him as an organizer. His prelude to the opera *Vladis* (op. 9) is one long rapture of passionate sweetness, superbly instrumented". . . . Of Van der Stucken's songs I have seen two groups, the first a setting of five love lyrics by Rachert. . . . "They are written in the best modern *Lied* style, and are quite unobjectionable. It is always the unexpected that happens, though this unexpected thing almost always proves to be a right thing. Without any sense of strain or bombast he reaches superb climaxes; without eccentricity he is individual; and his songs are truly interpreters of the words they express." (1)

## TWO MODERNIZED NATIVE SONGS

"The charm of the Afro-American songs has been widely recognized, but no musical savant has yet come to analyze them. Their two most obvious elements only have been copied by composers and dance-makers, who have worked to imitate them. These elements are the rhythmic propulsion which comes from the initial accentuation common to the bulk of them (the *snap* or *clack* which in an exaggerated form lies at the basis of *rhythm*); and the frequent use of the five-tone or pentatonic scale. But there is much more that is char-

(1) ROBERT HOAR, "Contemporary American Composers."

raacteristic in this body of melody, and this *more* has been neglected because it has not been uncovered to the artistic world. There has been no study of it outside of the author's introduction to the subject printed years ago and a few comments, called forth by transient phenomena, in the "Tribune" newspaper in the course of the last generation. This does not mean that the world has kept silent on the subject. On the contrary, there has been anything but a dearth of newspaper and platform talk about songs which the negroes sang in America when they were slaves, but most of it has revolved around the questions whether or not the songs were original creations of these native blacks, whether or not they were entitled to be called American and whether or not they were worthy of consideration as foundation elements for a school of American composition.

The greater part of what has been written was the result of an agitation which followed Dr. Antonin Dvorak's efforts to direct the attention of American Composers to the beauty and efficiency of the material which these melodies contained for treatment in the higher artistic forms. Dr. Dvorak's method was eminently practical; he composed a symphony, string quartet and string quintet in which he utilized characteristic elements which he had discovered in the songs of the negroes which had come to his notice while he was a resident of New York. To the symphony he gave a title—"From the New World"—which measurably disclosed his purpose; concerning the source of his inspiration for the chamber compositions he said nothing, leaving it to be discovered, as it easily was, from the spirit, or feeling, of the music and the character of its melodic and rhythmic idioms. The eminent composer's aims, as well as his deed, were widely misunderstood at the time, and, for that matter, still are. They called out a clamor from one class of critics which disclosed nothing so much as their want of intelligent discrimination unless it was their ungenerous and illiberal attitude toward a body of American citizens to whom at the least must be credited the creation of a

species of song in which an undeniably great composer had recognized artistic potentialities hitherto neglected, if not unnoticed, in the land of its origin. While the critics quarrelled, however, a group of American musicians acted on Dr. Dvorak's suggestion, and music in the serious artistic forms, racy of the soul from which the slave songs had sprung, was produced by George W. Chadwick, Henry Schoenberg, Edward R. Kroeger and others.<sup>1</sup> (1)

"The songs of the Indian are the spontaneous outburst of his emotions, springing up like the wild flowers of his forests and plains. They have been subjected to no conventionalizing influence of artificial methods, yet, like the native blossoms, they are developed not in violation of, but in strict accordance with, those laws which control the structure of all musical expression. The study of Indian music adds to the accumulating proof of the common racial endowment of all mankind." (2)

"It would be interesting to read a criticism by Schumann of this Indian Music, especially on the Calumet ceremony, with its central idea of "peace on earth, good will to men", its elaborate ritual brimful of symbolism, its full choral service, every incident of the ceremony accompanied by song. And if he had taken occasion to compare the majestic, vigorous, noble, dignified, impressive music of this service with some of the commonplace jingles so frequent in our Sunday school services, and even in some of our churches, would the comparison have been in our favor? If he had used the phrase "American savages," taking into account the musical comparison alone, would he have applied it to our red-skinned neighbors? But I do not wish to be offensive; I merely wish to emphasize the fact that those whom we are accustomed to despise as an inferior and degenerate race reveal, in the glimpse this

(1) *After American Polymers*,<sup>2</sup> by H. E. KEMMEL.

(2) *Indian Music*, by ALICE C. FLETCHER.

music affords into their inner life, a noble religious feeling, not remotely akin to the central idea of Christianity, and expressed in music some of which is worthy of comparison with the best we ourselves possess, and incomparably superior to our worst in the same field." (1)

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CADMAN (Charles Wakefield)

(1881)

This American composer has won unusual success with his songs, which are distinguished for attractiveness of melody, artistic style and originality.



CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

Born in Johnstown, Pa. December 24, 1881, moved to Pittsburg 1884; musical education under Pittsburg teachers, Walker, Steiner, Oehmler, and Von Kunits, with

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(1) "*A Study of Indian Music*", by JOHN C. FILLMORE.

advice and criticism from Emil Paur; first published compositions, semi-popular style, in 1898, became interested in the music of the American Indians and spent considerable time among them, securing material for use in composition and in a lecture recital, "American Indian Music Talk," organist East Liberty Presbyterian Church and musical critic of "*Pittsburg Dispatch*;" contributor to musical periodicals. Published works include "The Vision of Sir Lannfal," male voices; "Four American Indian Songs," song cycles "The Morning of the Year" and "Sayonara"; "Three Moods for Orchestra", organ pieces, songs, part songs, an opera, "Shanewis", and piano pieces. Resides in Denver.

The compiler of these notes has the honor of being the first to introduce Cadman's works in Cuba.

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MAX DOWELL. (Edward A.)

(1861-1908)

Pianist and composer of universal fame, born New York, December 1861, died in said city January 24, 1908. His first teachers were, J. Buitrago; P. Desvernine, (a Cuban, father of the present Secretary of State of the Cuban Republic), and Teresa Carreño. Studied from 1876, at Paris Conservatory under Marmontel (piano) and Savard (theory), and in 1879, at Frankfort, under Heymann (piano) and Raff (composition). From 1881 to 1882 he was head teacher of piano at Darmstadt Conservatory; in 1882 the support of Raff and Liszt gained a hearing for his works at the annual festival of the "Allgemeiner deutscher Musikverein"; he then lived in Wiesbaden and from 1888 in Boston, Mass.; and in 1896 was appointed professor of music in Columbia University, New York. Princeton University conferred on him the honorable degree of Mus. Doc. Impossible to mention his numerous works for piano, orchestra and the voice in all of which

he shines as a composer of a very strong individuality. His demise was a national loss.

“Mac Dowell is to-day an artistic figure of commanding stature—a musical creator who has brought to an impressive development a singular gift of beautiful and



EDWARD MAC DOWELL

forceful utterance. He is a poet among musicians, and an authentic genius.” (1)

“What distinguishes this young composer at once from most of his colleagues is the originality and imaginativeness of his work. Considering that he obtained his musical education chiefly in France and Germany, his compositions are, remarkably free from definite foreign influences, except such traits as belong to music the world

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(1) LAWRENCE GILMAN, “*Edward A. Mac Dowell*,”

over, and some of them will doubtless mark the beginning of a real American school of music, which, like American literature, will combine the best foreign traits with features indigenous to our soil " (1)

"The artistic creed and, in a measure, the methods of Raff, Mr. Mac Dowell accepted and since practised with the ardor of a disciple, but with an exhibition of originality in invention that has concentrated on him a large share of the attention which music composed by native-born musicians has attracted of late".... "In orchestration Mr. Mac Dowell is a master; few palettes have been richer than that from which he extracted the colors for his orchestral suite [op. 42] in A minor"..... Mr. Mac Dowell has accomplished what I am inclined to look upon as the finest work in their province done in America in his two pianoforte concertos (N<sup>o</sup> 1. in A minor, N<sup>o</sup> 2 in D minor).... his most popular work remains *Humiel* and *Ophelia*, which has been heard not only in the principal American cities, but also in Darmstadt, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, Sondershausen, Frankfurt, Breslau, Weimar and Meiningen " (2)

D. KOYER. (Reginald)

(1859)

Born in Middletown Conn, April 3, 1859. Educated in Europe from 1870 taking his degree at St. John's Coll., Oxford, England in 1879. Before this he studied piano under Spöckel at Stuttgart, and after graduation studied there another year under Lebert (piano) and Pruckner (harmony). After a six-month's course in Frankfurt

(1) — BRAY, F. POPE, "An American Composer," in "Century Magazine," vol. LIII.

(2) — BLACK, THOMAS, KLADDER, *op. cit.*



under Dr. Hauff, (composition), he studied singing with Vannuccini at Florence, Italy, and operatic composition under Genée, in Vienna, and Delibes, in Paris. He resides now in New York. His works for the stage have been very successful, but his songs are masterworks that should not be forgotten.

“The best-abused composer in America is doubtless Reginald De Koven. His great popularity has attracted the search-light of minute criticism to him, and his accom-



REGINALD DE KOVEN

plishments are such as do not well endure the fierce white light that beats upon the throne. The sin of over-vivid reminiscence is the one most persistently imputed to him, and not without cause. While I see no reason to accuse him of deliberate imitation, I think he is a little too loth to excise from his music those things of his that prove on consideration to have been said or sung before him. . . . .”

“But ah, if De Koven were the only composer whose eraser does not evict all that his memory install! . . . . .”

“De Koven has been chief purveyor of comic opera to his

generation, and for to ideal a work as *Robin Hood*, and such pleasing constructions as parts of his other operas (*Don Quixote*; *The Fearing Master*; *The Highwayman*), for instance, one ought to be grateful, especially as his music has always a certain elegance and freedom from vulgarity." (1)

SOUSA. (John P.)

(1856-)

This popular bandmaster and composer of world-wide reputation was born at Washington, D. C. November 6, 1856, pupil there of John Espyuta, and George F. Benkert,



Harmony and Composition. From the age of 17, orchestra conductor of travelling theatrical troupes; played the violin in Offenbach's orchestra (1877); was musical director of the Philadelphia church choir "Pinafore Company", and in 1880 was appointed leader of the band of the United States Marine Corps, serving until August 1, 1892, when he resigned, and organized a band of his

(1) *REPERTORY*, *Director's*, *op. cit.*

own, which has given concerts through almost the whole world. Has written several comic operas, symphonic poems, suites etc., but is better known as the "March King", for his military marches are without rival. Sousa is at present training musicians for the government of the United States.

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"The individuality of the Sousa march is this, that, unlike most of the other influential marches, it is not so much a musical exhortation from without, as a distillation of the essences of soldiering from within"..... And so his band music expresses all the nuances of the military psychology: the exhilaration of the long unisonal stride, the grip on the musket, the pride in the regimentals and the régiment,—*esprit de corps*. He expresses the inevitable foppery of the severest soldier, the tease and the taunt of the evolutions, the fierce wish that all this plying and deploying were in the face of an actual enemy, the mania to reek upon a tangible foe all the joyous energy, the bloodthirst of the warrior. These things Sousa embodies in his music as no other music writer ever has"..... "He is not to be judged by the piano versions of his works, because they are not *klaviermaessig*." (1)

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".....America, which can boast of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Dixie", has been making a very striking collection of marches during the past two decades, thanks largely to the rhythmic and inspiring strains of Sousa, who perhaps has made more pulses tingle and steps beat time than any other manufacturer of martial music. Possibly he has not succeeded in writing anything quite so inspired and inspiring as the "Marche Lorraine," or the "Sambre et Meuse," the irresistible élan of which the great Joffre himself has said stimulated his men to do

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(1) HUGHES, *op. cit.*

great things at the Marne. But the "Washington Post," and "Liberty Bell", the "Stars and Stripes Farever" and a dozen others have true verve. Nor must the rhythmic consistency of George Cohan's "Over There" be despised. A bigger and better musician than Mr Cohan might have written a much worse tune for its purpose; indeed many have done so." (1)

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(1) EDWARD HART: "British Regimental Marches", in "The Musical Quarterly", Vol. IV, No 4. October 1918.

THIRD PART



## CONTEMPORARY PERIOD

*"The man who disparages music as a luxury and non-essential is doing the nation an injury. Music now more than ever before is a present national need. There is no better way to express patriotism than through music."*

WILSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.





OF WAR FOR UNIVERSAL FREEDOM





## STAND, STAND UP, AMERICA!

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Stand, stand up, America!  
Thou land of freedom, let thy children now arise!  
Lift, lift up the banner bright,  
Thy starry banner, let it blaze against the skies!  
March, march forward to victory!  
March all, young and hoary,  
Strike, strike for the right!  
God over all!  
"Onward!" the call!  
Under Old Glory!

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Go, go forth, America!  
Thy flaming beacon light of liberty hold high!  
Go, shed wide its rays serene,  
In ev'ry land lift human rights, nor let them die!  
March, march etc.

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Stand, stand fast America!  
Full armed with justice, take thy place and face the foe!  
Stand fearless, invincible!  
With courage conquer, and in honor onward go!  
March, march etc.

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EDWARD HORSMAN.

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## TO VICTORY

Now we are going to take the flag  
Across the rolling seas;  
Our stars shall shine above the Rhine,  
Our stripes rejoice the breeze.

Then we are going to show the Huns,  
What leads the Yankees be:  
We'll break their line,  
And cross the Rhine,  
To conquered Germany.

Now cheer, boys, and cheer again,  
And all together now, once more;  
Our flag is waving o'er us now,  
Our eagles onward soar,  
Now cheer, boys and cheer again,  
We'll see it through and win the day!  
Our flag shall flare o'er Berlin's glare,  
Our stars shall lead the way.

ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD.

#### THE AMERICANS COME!

*In Epistle An France An Year 1918*

- (Blinded Frenchman) — 'What is the clashing, my little one?  
(man in uniform) Yes, that my blinded eyes could see!  
Hasten, my boy, to the window run,  
And see what the noise in the street may be.  
I hear the drums and the marching feet;  
Look and see what it's all about!  
Who can it be that our people greet  
With cheer and laughter joyous shout?'
- (The Boy) — 'There are men, my father brown and strong,  
And they carry a hammer of wondrous tone,  
With a mighty tread they swing along;  
Now I see white stakes in a field of blue!'
- (Father) — 'You say that you see white stars on blue?  
Look, are there stripes of red and white?  
It must be, yes, it must be true!  
Oh, dear God, if I had my sight!  
Hasten, son, fling the window wide!  
Let me kiss the staff our flag swings from  
And salute the stars and stripes with pride,  
For, God be praised, the Americans come!'

EDWARD A. WILDER.

## THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

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Nights are growing very lonely,  
Days are very long  
I'm agrowing weary only  
List'ning for your song.

Old remembrances are thronging  
Thro' my memory,  
Till it seems the world is full of dreams  
Just to call you back to me.

There's a long, long trail a-winding  
Into the land of my dreams,  
Where the nightingales are singing  
And a white moon beams!

There's a long, long night of waiting  
Until my dreams all come true;  
Till the day when I'll be going down  
That long, long trail with you.

All night long I hear you calling,  
Calling sweet and low;  
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,  
Ev'ry where I go.

Tho' the road between us stretches  
Many a weary mile  
I forget that you're not with me yet,  
When I think I see you smile.

There's a long, long trail etc.

STODDARD KING.

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## WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

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There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;  
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home;  
We will end the dreadful story  
Of the battle dark and gory  
In a sunburst of glory,

When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,  
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;  
Wives and sweethearts will press them

In their arms and kisses then,  
And they'll look to bring them  
When the boys come home.

The iron cross will be prominent when the boys come home,  
And our arms will ring the loudest when the boys come home,  
The full ranks will be shattered  
And the bright cross will be bettered,  
And the battle standard tattered,  
When the boys come home.

There's a lady who may be rusty when the boys come home,  
And she'll remember her duty when the boys come home:  
But not shall not the treason  
Of the little's royal treason  
In the crown and heart of France,  
When the boys come home.

Our eyes shall be to meet them when the boys come home:  
To blossom back to greet them when the boys come home:  
Long the home of their endeavor  
To our old George shall not dissolve  
When the nation's heart is over,  
When the boys come home.

JOHN HAY [1]

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## NEW SONGS OF WAR

When American troops left in 1898 for Cuba, the French were shocked to learn that the marching song was a comic parody about a bird song, which they translated, "Il fera chaud dans le désert" ("It will be hot in the desert"). Yet the French, abandoning their sense of fitness, now show a weariness of "Partant pour la Syrie" and the "Sambre et Meuse" by falling back on songs popularized by the Moulinette cabarets. The British songs born of the war which have followed what Wolcott called the morning drum beat of the British lands

[1] Written during the Civil War by the poet John Hay, president-elect of Lincoln, and Secretary of State during the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations.

around the globe have been such gems as "Tipperary" and the ironical "I Want to Go Home":

I don't want to go to the trenches no more  
Where there are bullets and shrapnel galore,  
I want to go home.

When the novelist Winston Churchill cast about to recall what has most thrilled him here he decided it was the Hippodrome crowd singing Cohen's classic lines, "Send the word, send the word over there; we'll be over, we're coming over, and we won't come back 'till it's over, over there." Even the Germans marched through Brussels whistling "Every Little Movement." The dignified and excellent war songs that have been written have had comparatively little popularity. Sousa writes a good march dedicated to the shipbuilders, and we hum ragtime; good poetry goes unaccompanied, while we sing doggerel by Harry Lauder.

Yet we must not sneer at what the song writers produce simply because they do it crudely; what catches the popular fancy may do it for superficial reasons, but the reasons are worth analysis. Any one who wishes to gauge the sentiment of the day may learn as much of one aspect by looking over a popular music counter as of another by reading the Congressional Record. These are the songs that decorate training camp pianos and the pianos of sisters of the recruits. It may seem painful that while Mrs. Hemans' "Pilgrims" made the coast resound with hymns, the shipwrecked destroyer crew instinctively broke into "O boys! O boys! Where do we go from here?" Yet there is no little feeling for current history in "O Boys," which celebrates the recruit who, when his squad has marched 100 miles and his companions were tired, simply asked where they went next. There are other songs of indomitable recruits, from "Everyone Was Out of Step But Jim" to "Uncle Sam Is Calling Me" and "I'm Going to Follow the Boys." Those who wish to know how our soldiers feel may gather it in part from such ditties as "We're All Going Calling on the Kaiser," "Hunting the Hun," and

"Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy."<sup>16</sup> After the events of the last few days we may be sure that many poems and photographs are going with renewed spirit (the song, "Bang Bang, Bang! 'Ere on the Rhine," with its sub-title, "This sounds ever so much sweeter in a fury continued," and the chorus: "When we go swimming in the Rhine, we'll hang our clothes on Hindenburg's old line." The high spirit of these songs is a good quality. So is the determination to them, equally expressed in "Our Country's In It Now, We Must Win It Now," and "We're Bound to Win With Boy's Love You."

Once these songs are strewn with sentimental appeals to the average man, "Alabama Rose," "Charlottesville Flood," and "The Hula-Hula Isles." Now they are uttered equally with sentiment and beligerency. The sentimental poems cluster chiefly around the home left by the soldier and the soldier's loneliness. "There's a Little Blue Star in the Window, and It Means All the World to Me," greets him and covers "Every Such a Thought of You," another; and "Bring Back My Daddy to Me," appeals a third. One song prays for a short war: "Tom, Dick, Harry, and Jack hurry back, hurry back, be quick, do the trick, get it back, then don't even stop to pack." The soldier is variously besetted as to the home spirit: "We'll Do Our Share While You're Over There" is followed by the warning, "Don't Try to Steal the Sweetheart of a Soldier." The reverent query of "God Be With Our Boys Tonight," which we sing to McCormack is advertised as "the most appealing song of our time," is set off by the pertness of "Hello, Central, Goo, Mc France." One writer wishes to "Move a Little Bit of Broadway to France, Make the Boys Feel Right at Home." The Allies are not forgotten, and "Cheer Up, Tommy Atkins," stands side by side with "When Yankee Doodle Learns How to Parley You." But sentiment does not go beyond a given line. For one writer who would "Like to See the Kaiser With a Lily in His Hand," there are a score who would like to see him where lilies never grow. Song after song voices in warlike lan-



guage some such assertion as "Just Like Washington Crossed the Delaware, Pershing Will Cross the Rhine."

Vulgar and cheap? No doubt, they are often so. Yet the cheapest song may often seem transfigured for singers to whose deepest sentiments it somehow makes an appeal; and to some songs of shoddy expression we do injustice unless we admit a genuine truth of feeling. The roughness of the lines which proclaim:

Belgium, we can hear you calling,  
Belgium, your tears are falling...  
Belgium, dry your tears!

does not prevent them from attaining some dignity as the expression of what the whole nation has always recognized as one of its great provocations and objects in the war. A doggerel verse to Pershing, "Hear the Bugles Sounding O'er the Sea," is a sincerely meant tribute to our army's leader. We can afford to have the people singing many shabby, faulty songs, along with better ones, but we could never afford to have them singing none at all.

("New York Evening Post", Aug. 1918.)

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The melody-ballade has a message. It is written by a composer who knows harmony, theory and all the science of writing. He understands the operas, symphonies, sonatas and enjoys them. But he understands that there are more people who aren't "up to" the grand opera and symphony than are; and he wants them for his audience. He wants to be a man of the multitude and not of the few.

Now a melody-ballade is a simple exposition of music without the flourish... In other words, a melody-ballade is just a simple, plain, inspired song which people can whistle, hum, remember. It doesn't require a thinking cap. It is beautiful on first reading. Moreover, being in English, it requires no libretto or translation.

So many singers are neglecting these songs—they are afraid to appear unconventional and perhaps undignified. Presumably a critic will say, "You are debasing your art for the crowd." While most melody-ballades require no technical display of voice (almost anybody can do the notes—that's the advantage), still the great artist is able to use vocal sentiment and put in soul. Think what "Home, Sweet Home" and the "Last Rose of Summer" and similar songs have proved to cooperative stars!

CHARLES D. LAYTON

(*New York Globe*, Aug. 1918.)



"You are right in your assumptions regarding the two songs you mention, *'The Infanterie in Your Eyes'* and *'Wonders of Goodness'*—and we have recorded our appreciation of them on several previous occasions. They have sympathetic conditions, and heart appeal (your favorite condition in songs) and they do not degenerate into the shallow sentimentality that prejudices good musicians so strongly against many song abominations that are called art-ballads. You are right, too, in believing that our public does not understand ballads and that because they realize this demand for well-known artists you name (McCurry, Turner, Alma Gluck, Schumann-Heink, Bispham) place such songs on their programs. Our nation is being stirred fundamentally at this moment and the primitive and emotional rather than the subtle and cultured emotions will usually be ready to react to the reductions of sentiment written, spoken, or sung—especially sung."

LEONARD LINDBERG

(*Musical Courier*, Aug. 1918.)

## EPILOGUE



## WHEN SONGS ARE PRAYERS

On the veranda of a summer home; that looked down to the waters of Puget Sound—on an August night one year ago, and a full clear moon, and shadows, and silver tips on tiny waves that ran their course before a gentle evening breeze...

And inside—back in the darkness of the livingroom—a piano and a girl, and soft-played airs of familiar songs—just dreamy music that drifted out and whispered its way to the tops of the lovely pines...

And Bill and I sat out upon the porch. Bill was a soldier man, come back from France,—gassed that fatal day at Ypres, when war came home to Canada in all its tragedy and grief. He had gone away full six-feet-three, straight and strong. He had come home not quite so tall, it seemed, and older than his-thirty-seven years.

Since dinner-time he had been telling me war tales; and, in between, both of us would dream to music by the girl within. Bill's dreams were mostly of the past. I think, for every little while he'd wake up in a startled way and then recount some new war tale.

And so we sat and talked and dreamed until there came, still softly played, the music of "A Long, Long Trail." And then Bill left his chair and went inside. Someone got a lamp and lighted it, and Bill and I, and she who played, sang through the song. I don't know how well we sang, but I do know that in Bill's voice there was to me a thrill of something that I didn't know. And deepest came the thrill with these two lines:

*"Nights are growing very lonely,  
Days are very long."*

Afterward, back on the veranda, Bill told me of the songs they used to sing behind the lines, of blue days that were cheered by the singing of some old-time air that everybody knew of—"Tipperary"—up and down the line with all the vigor a soldier gives to everything he does; and then some old home song or, perhaps, a bit of sentiment about a love affair, but always—sometime while they sang—"A Long, Long Trail."

"I think," said Bill, "that there were times during the early days when we couldn't have carried on without the songs. And we didn't sing them as a crowd of college boys might sing. They were prayers, I think, most of the songs we sang. And the songs that were popular were those that brought us memories of home. We had some songs about what we would do to the Kaiser when we got home if we were did, but these made no such appeal to the soldier as did the sentimental sort."

And afterward for a week, several times a day, whether it was with Bill hobnobbing along with us came with me at his side, or whether the porch of the house in the evening, Bill and I would go down the "long, long trail" together, with or without music from the girl within.

A little later Bill went on his way, where nights are never lonely and days are never long. And from where he is, at the other end of the long, long trail, it is my wish that he might know that a million of our soldier boys are singing his favorite and all his other songs, carrying on where he left off.

Ever since that August night on Puget Sound, singing soldiers or singing sailors or singing nurses have meant a little more to me than they ever did before. Sometimes they watched them very closely while they sang, and I am quite sure that Bill was right when he said that some of the songs were really prayers.

I do know, moreover, that whenever I hear the one about the long, long trail, I always think of Bill, and I'm quite sure that with any thoughts of Bill there goes a prayer for all of the boys "over there" engaged in the work Bill was doing before he came away. I am quite sure, too,

that every time I have been privileged to listen to the singing of large groups of soldiers or sailors, and have perhaps "joined in" myself, there has come to me great elevation of spirit—a determination to go out and do what I may—to bring the day of victory a little closer.

And incidentally—and irrelevantly—I have conceived an idea, born of this "joining in," that I can sing myself. I even believe, in the face of numerous expressions to the contrary, that I can carry an air. I do know that I make a lot of noise with George Cohan's "Over There," and if I am careful I can get through without any discords or bad notes, or whatever those things are that jar sensitive souls with ears for music. I am very strong, too, on some of the lines of "The Star-Spangled Banner," while there are others, and I confess it frankly, that worry me considerable, and my wife says I shouldn't attempt to sing them because of the strange and agonized expression on my face each time I do succeed in reaching them.

Secretly, too, I have begun to worry because my parents didn't see to it that my voice was cultivated when I was still young. I haven't said anything about it to anyone, but every little while when I strike a good line in one of the popular war-time airs, I get through with it so smoothly, and with so much satisfaction to myself—whatever others may think of it—that I sometimes feel that in their neglect of my voice my parents ruined a wonderful tenor, or bass or baritone, or whatever noise it is that I make.

For various reasons, therefore, I have become interested in the singing of our soldiers and sailors. I have made it a topic of conversation at numerous times, and have been told some remarkable stories as the result of the singing of the soldiers in France. I have been told of an officer, stricken with shellshock, and apparently uninjured, except that it left him completely dumb. What the army physicians could do for him they did but without result. And then one day there came a phonograph to the hospital dormitory, and a nurse put on the record

"'Keep the Home Fires Burning'" and convalescing soldiers in the ward began to sing:

"If you see home how burning,

"If you see home how burning,

"If you see home how burning, they dream of home,

"If you see home how burning,

"If you see home how burning,

"If you see home how burning,

"If you see home how burning."

And as they sang, the nurse who brought the story home to the United States saw the officer who had been dumb slowly rise up in his chair and sing!

Not very long ago another Red Cross nurse came home from France on leave. She had gone across before the Government undertook to teach the nurses the songs that the soldiers sang. They are doing it now, and every unit awaiting shipment over seas must know, before it goes, the words and music of at least twenty songs. And this nurse who came back from France was glad when she found thirty hundred nurses, in a New York city army, singing under the direction of a commissioned leader.

"How amazingly splendid," she said. "Not very long ago, at the base hospital at which I was on duty, some of the boys asked me if I wouldn't strike up 'Mother Macree,' so that they might sing. And I had to tell them I didn't know it. Also then somebody asked for 'A Perfect Day,' and I didn't know that. And I didn't know 'There's a Long, Long Trail' or 'Old Black Joe,' or anything. As a matter of fact I hadn't been interested in songs and things like that. And after a few feeble efforts to get started without any leader the boys gave it up. I'm going back in a little while, and I'm not going to be very much of a singer, but I'm going to know enough about it so that when my boys want to sing I will at least be able to get them started."

And now another base hospital in France a group of American soldiers, under treatment for wounds received on the battlefield, had spent this particular Sunday morning of which I write on the veranda of the hospital building. Shortly before noon a storm came up and the lead-



nurse ordered the men back into the enclosed dormitory. But the storm brought no fears to the men, and like bad boys they rebelled and paid no attention to the order given. The head-nurse repeated it with as much severity as she could command and still the men remained outside. It was a serious moment for the nurse. She was the officer in command and her authority was being questioned. She couldn't pick up the men and carry them in and if they continued to disobey the situation might become quite serious.

And once again the phonograph played its allimpotent rôle. And gathered about it, as the record turned, were half-a-dozen nurses, and phonograph and nurses sang the song:

*"Pack up your troubles in the old kit-bag,  
"And smile, smile, smile.  
"When you've a lucifer to light your fag,  
"Smile, boys, that's the style.  
"What's the use of worrying?  
"It never was worth while, so  
"Pack up your troubles in the old kit-bag,  
"And smile, smile, smile."*

And before the last line of the chorus was done the men came drifting in with the help of crutches and of canes, and when the chorus came around again they all sang lustily. Then they apologized to the head-nurse promising never to do it again. Finally they found some records of old-time hymns and played and sang until, one at a time, they had all drifted away. The strange thing is that nearly every man wrote letters home that day; or perhaps it's not so strange after all; old-time hymns brought up compelling pictures of the folks they'd left behind.

You remember, too, that sinking ship, somewhere out on the seas, with a mortal wound from a German submarine, in the blackness of night, the decks crowded with soldier men who didn't know if they were to die or live. But because their Uncle Sam had taught them how to

song they stood up there with heads erect and shoulders back and sang:

"My country, 'tis of thee,  
' Sweet land of liberty,  
    "Of thee I sing!"  
"Land where my fathers died;  
"Land of the Pilgrims' prayer;  
"From thee 'tis common speech  
    "Let Freedom ring!"

Some of them died, and some of them lived. And those who died died so for freedom's sake; and those who lived still sang "Let freedom ring!"

And a month ago I stood on a pier at an Atlantic port. On one side of the pier was a transport with its decks crowded with American soldiers. On the other side of the pier was another transport, its upper deck crowded with blanchad girls—Red Cross nurses on their way to France.

Down on the pier, where I stood, were groups of army men, and crowds of laborers who wheeled the great trucks, all wet with the perspiration of an August day. To them and to the army officers it was an old story, but to me it was a moment of solemnity. Slowly the transport with the soldier boys began to pull out, lines were cast off; officers on the pier called good-by to the officers who looked down from the rail of the departing ship. A mist came over my eyes; the figures aboard the ship were blurry, and I got in the way of the sweating men who went on with their work and the great big trucks.

And then, from the deck of the other ship, where the nurses were, there arose, above all other sounds, the clear voices of the blanchad girls, and they sang:

"*Will you come back?*  
"*And you will come back?*  
"*There'll be a whole world waiting for you."*

And the sweating men and their great big trucks stopped where they were. Indeed it seemed for a moment that

everything ceased in all the world while the nurses sang. Then they were through, and from the deck of the other ship the answer came:

*"There's a spot in my heart which no colleen may own.  
There's a depth in my soul never sounded or known.  
"There's a place in my mem'ry, my life, that you fill,  
"No other can take it, no one ever will."*

Just a moment's quiet, and back from the ship where the nurses were there came the song:

*"They were summoned from the hillside,  
"They were called in from the glen,  
"And the country found them ready,  
"At the stirring call for men.  
"Let no tears add to their hardship,  
"As the soldiers pass along,  
"And although your heart is breaking,  
"Make it sing this cheery song."*

And the chorus came, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and the sweating men, and the officers on the pier, and the soldiers on the moving ship, and the nurses—all of us—joined our voices in the prayer to keep things well "till the boys come home."

It was the soldiers' turn to sing again. As their great ship drifted out into the stream their voices came back:

*"When the great red dawn is shining,  
"When the waiting hours are past,  
"When the tears of night are ended  
"And I see the day at last,  
"I shall come down the road of sunshine,  
"To a heart that is fond and true,  
"When the great red dawn is shining,  
"Back to home, back to love and you."*

And then, from over the water and out from the pier and its waiting ship, nurse and soldier and men on the pier, sent up their voices in the favorite song:

*"There's a long, long trail a-winding,  
"Into the land of my dreams,  
"Where the nightingales are singing,  
"And a white moon beams!"*

*"There's a long, long night of waiting  
"Until my dreams come true,  
"Till the day when I'll be going down,  
"That long, long trail with you."*

As the echo of the song came back from the ship that had sailed, the nurses' ship began to move. For a little while a silence hovered over us, but, as we waited there by the pier, with eyes that were dimmed, the nurses sang that classic of farewells:

*"Fare ye well, farewell to thee,  
"Thou darling one who dwells among the bowers!  
"One last embrace before I now depart,  
"Fare ye well, my darling!"*

That was all, except that the sweating men and their great big trucks went back to work, and an officer and I went silently on our way, he to await the time that he *shall* go, and I to help, however I may, to "keep the home fires burning" until these men and women come back from "over there."

And if it is that Bill looks down from where he is I hope he saw us on that August day, for I'm quite sure he would be glad to know that those who follow him go forth with songs upon their lips—songs that breathe prayers from those who go and those who stay behind—that those who go may come back home and those at home may consecrate their lives unto the task of serving those who go.

IN "HEARST'S" FOR OCTOBER, 1918.

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## APPENDIX



## SIX SONGS, BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON

Composer Francis Hopkinson's name is conspicuously absent from the biographical dictionaries of musicians, but there is said to be a letter extant in which he calls the attention of his friend, George Washington, to a volume containing eight of his songs. This letter bears the date of December, 1788, and contains the following:

"However small the reputation may be that I shall derive from this work, I cannot, I believe, be refused the credit of being the first native of the United States who has produced a musical composition. If the attempt should not be too severely treated, others may be encouraged to venture on the path yet untrodden in America, and the arts in succession will take root and flourish amongst us."

As the winter was severe in that year, the letter took two months to reach Mount Vernon from Philadelphia, but as soon as George Washington received the songs he replied to Francis Hopkinson as follows:

"My dear Sir: If you had any doubts as to the reception your work would meet with or had the smallest reason to think you would need any assistance to defend it, you have not acted with your usual good judgment in the choice of a coadjutor. For should the tide of prejudice not flow in favor of it (and so various are the tastes, opinions and whims of men that even the sanction of divinity does not insure universal concurrence), what, alas, can I do to support it? I can neither sing one of the songs, nor raise a single note on any instrument to convince

the unbelieving. But I have, however, one argument which will prevail with persons of true taste (at least in America). I can tell them it is the production of Mr. Hopkins.



FRANCIS HOPKINSON

*The 1st American composer (1737-1791), friend of George Washington and signer of the Declaration of Independence.*

"With the compliments of Mrs. Washington added to  
for you and yours, I am, dear sir, your most obedient and  
very humble servant.

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The publishers of the new volume of old songs have sent with the music a few facts concerning Francis Hopkinson, who has unfortunately been overlooked by historians.

Francis Hopkinson, who could thus justly lay claim to the honor of being the first American composer, was one of the notable men of that time. A signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the Convention of 1787 which drew up the Constitution of the United States, first Judge of the Admiralty Court in Pennsylvania, author of political pamphlets and satirical poems which were spread broadcast throughout the land and which exercised a powerful influence in moulding public opinion, intimate friend of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, he yet found time not only to compose music, but also to organize concerts in his native city, Philadelphia, where he was one of the leading patrons of the arts, to play tastefully upon both the organ and the harpsichord, and to invent and perfect a new method of quilling the harpsichord—which last achievement might have brought him additional fame and fortune, but for the fact that the harpsichord was superseded a few years later by a new instrument known as the “pianoforte.”

Francis Hopkinson was born in Philadelphia, September 21, 1737. In 1757 he was a member of the first class ever graduated from the College of Philadelphia. Four years later he was admitted to the bar and from that time he was constantly active in public service in one form or another. During his lifetime he held many offices, but up to the present time he is probably best known to students of American history as the author of the satirical poem “The Battle of the Kegs,” written in the second year of the Revolutionary War and achieving an extraordinary and widespread fame.

There are many evidences that Francis Hopkinson was a man of wide culture and learning. His knowledge of musical literature we can infer from his musical library, a large part of which has been preserved by his descen-

doing, showing that he was familiar with the works of Handel, Martini, Arne, Pergolesi, Purcell, Scarlatti, Vivaldi, Galuppi and Corelli. There is also a record of the concerts which he gave in Philadelphia, and there is ample evidence that he was the moving spirit of the musical life of that city both before and after the war.

Francis Hopkinson's first song, "My Days Have Been So Woodrums Free," was written in 1759, but was never published. This song is the first musical composition ever written in America by an American. The exact date of the composition of the other songs in the present volume is uncertain. None of them was written out in complete form by the composer, and they have never before been put into modern harmony and notation. Besides supplying a suitable accompaniment, it has been found necessary to alter the outline of the melodies at several points, as many of the phrases were distinctly unvoiced and the range of the notes was frequently too great for any but phenomenal voices.

Harold Vincent Milligan is the modern musician who has put these songs into notation that is familiar and added accompaniments for the piano. Whether the composer imitated any of the harmonies of the accompaniments or not is uncertain. But Harold Vincent Milligan has kept his additions in the style of the period. The piano parts might just as well have been written for the harpsichord by Doctor Arne himself. This volume can be recommended, therefore, to all those who are interested in early American music. The songs are ready for concert use and they are fully as attractive musically as most of the old music-singers select for the first group of their song-recital programs. The fact that they are the earliest examples of American music would not suffice them to the attention of the public if they had no intrinsic merit. But as they are beautiful, quaint and ingenuous, as well as historically distinguished, they can be accepted gladly without too great inquiry into their artistic merits. The names of the songs are: "My Days Have Been So Woodrums Free," "O'er the Hills," "Beneath a Weeping

Willow's Shade," "Come, Fair Rosina," "My Generous Heart Disdains," "The Traveler Benighted." The length of the songs can be gauged by the size of the album, which contains exactly thirty pages of music for the six songs.

*Musical Courier*, New York January 16, 1919.





## CADMAN'S "SHANEWIS"

PRAISED BY CRITICS AT ITS REHEARSING AT

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE.

MARCH 12, 1919.

*Henry T. Finck in the New York Evening Post,*

*March 13, 1919:*

When Cadman's "Shanewis" was first produced, on March 24, 1918, we remarked that "at last the Metropolitan Opera Company, so altruistically generous to American-composers, has launched a score that smacks of genius," and that it is "undoubtedly the best opera ever composed in America, with the exception of Victor Herbert's 'Natale.'" This opinion was confirmed on rehearsing this charming work last night. With a true sense of values in this case, Mr. Gatti-Casazza kept this opera in the repertory for a second season—the first American opera to achieve this distinction, and it would be very surprising if it were not kept there for other seasons, not for patriotic reasons, but because it is a good opera, an opera which can be heard over and over again with increasing pleasure. Mr. Cadman has supplied a fascinating alternation of red and white music. What is more, is that there is red blood in the white music, too. The score is never anaemic.

Cadman knows not only how to make the orchestra speak dramatically, but his large experience as a song writer has taught him how to use the voice properly and effectively.

*Reginald de Koven in the New York Herald,*

*March 12, 1919:*

The performance closed with "Shanewis," interpreted by practically the same cast as last season, which I found as charming last night as I did then. Mr. Cadman's really original and individual gift of melody and quite picturesque command of the orchestra in the way of varied color and appropriate effect. \* \* \* I am rather of the opinion that the audience enjoyed the last work the best of the three.

*Gottsch Gabriel in the New York Evening Sun,*

*March 13, 1919:*

The inclusion of this piece celebrates the singing of any American opera for more than one season, and indeed Mr. Cadman's little work went better than any other and deserved the repetition. Its American theme is worthy, sincere, what you are is interesting.

TEXTO ESPAÑOL COMPENDIADO



GUILLERMO M. TOMAS

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“AMERICA INVENCIBLE”

LA MUSICA NACIONAL

DE LOS

ESTADOS UNIDOS

EN LA PAZ Y EN LA GUERRA



## COMENTARIOS HISTORICOS





## PRIMERA PARTE



PERIODO COLONIAL



## DE LA SALMODIA

El arte musical en América tuvo su origen con la llegada de los Puritanos y se fundó especialmente en la salmodia, es decir, más a impulsos del sentimiento religioso que por estímulos puramente artísticos. Su desarrollo fué naturalmente melódico, adoptando después las tendencias populares, como lo comprueban los himnos "Mear" "Coronation" y "Bartimeus", hondamente arraigados en la conciencia americana, y que figuran publicados en varias compilaciones.

Las escuelas de canto, entre ellas la que se estableció en Boston en 1717, contribuyeron mucho al progreso musical. A causa de tal adelanto comenzó a dibujarse poco a poco la tendencia hacia la música instrumental. Primeramente se introdujo el empleo del órgano en los servicios religiosos, como ya se hacía en el extranjero; pero en esta materia se progresó con dificultad, a causa de la discrepancia de las opiniones y de los prejuicios teológicos.

En 1756, Stephen Deblois construyó en Boston un "Concert Hall" (sala de conciertos) al que sucedieron otros más tarde, donde la música se combinaba con la danza.

El primer libro de composición nativa apareció en 1770. Titulábase: "The New England Psalm-Singer" y contenía varios salmos, antífonas y corales, a cuatro y cinco voces. Era autor de él, William Billings, natural de Boston. América le debe por ello eterno agradecimiento, a pesar de sus frecuentes errores de armonía.

Después de Billings merecen citarse otros compositores: Andrew Law, Jacob Kimball, Samuel Holyoke, Daniel Read, Timothy Swan y Oliver Holden, autor de "Coronation", que inmortalizó su nombre.



## PERIODO DE LA INDEPENDENCIA





## DE GUERRA

### YANKEE DOODLE

Acerea del origen de esta composición han corrido muchas versiones. Se atribuyó la paternidad de la misma al Doctor Schackburg, que unía a la ciencia del médico, la inspiración y el talento del músico. Dícese que compuso el "Yankee Doodle" en 1755 para ridiculizar irónicamente las abigarradas tropas coloniales de Inglaterra enviadas a reducir el poder francés en las provincias del Canadá. Sin embargo, ese canto no es original del Dr. Schackburg. Está tomado de una antigua canción del reinado de Carlos I, que se cantaba con diferentes coplas. Algunas de ellas eran una sátira contra el Protector.

Lo cierto es que "Yankee Doodle" fué francamente aceptado por los americanos como cosa propia. ¡Quién había de vaticinar a los secuaces del Dr. Schackburg que aquella música utilizada para gozar la más sangrienta ironía, algunos años más tarde sería adoptada por los propios colonos para celebrar el glorioso advenimiento de su magna independencia!

El ministro de los Estados Unidos en Madrid, en 1858, comunicó oficialmente a su gobierno que ciertos aires antiguos de las provincias vascas, se parecían mucho al canto americano.

Por su parte, los magyares creen ver en esa composición una de sus danzas nacionales.

Sea de ello lo que quiera, el "Yankee Doodle" no es propiamente un himno nacional, porque sus palabras son

¿bueno o hermoso? pero se ha hecho notable por su popularidad y por su inquebrantable resistencia a la acción destructora del tiempo.

## CHURCH

Bill Billings encontró la oportunidad de emancipar la misma armonía de la tradición inglesa, de la salmodia. Un gran socio, la revolución contra la liturgia, echó a un lado aquellas misérrimas melodías, que fueren substituidas por canciones patrióticas. Billings, inspirado en santo ardor patriótico no sólo parafraseó los salmos más en boga, transformándolos en himnos bélicos (su famoso salmo "*Chesler*" que presentamos en esta sesión es ejemplo elocuente de ese procedimiento), sino que también escribió como originales en los que el espíritu de la Revolución se manifestaba con todo el ardor de su alma. Entre estos cantos, que tal popularidad alcanzaron en aquella época revuelta, deben citarse: "*Lamentation over Boston*", "*Retrospect*", "*Independence*" y "*Columbia*".

## THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

La poética forma de esta melodía era la de un viejo himno, titulado: "*To Anacrein in Heaven*". Atribuyese la música al Dr. Samuel Arnold (1739-1802), compositor de la Capilla de Su Majestad, y también a John Stafford Smith, "transcriber de aires antiguos franceses". Se cree que la letra es de Ralph Tomlinson, que en la segunda mitad del siglo XVIII presidía la Sociedad Anonimista de Londres, especie de club de canchales.

En junio de 1789 la sociedad "Charitable Fire de Massachusetts", celebró en Boston su aniversario con una fiesta y un baile. Robert Trent Paine recibió el encargo de escribir una canción a ese efecto. Cuando fué estrenada obtuvo la más entusiasta ovación. Paine percibió 750 pesos, al publicarse, por sus derechos de autor, suma enorme para aquellos tiempos. Esa canción era, con ligeras alteraciones, la antigua himnóstica de Londres, ya citada.

No obstante haberse dado a conocer esa canción con el nombre de "Adams and Liberty", en 1813 reaparece bajo el título de "Jefferson and Liberty", y otra vez, el mismo año, fué cantada en un festival de Boston "en honor de los éxitos rusos contra los franceses", con nueva letra de Alexander H. Everett.

Era, pues, muy popular dicha melodía cuando Francis Scott Key escribió los famosos versos de "The Star Spangled Banner", en 1814.

Ferdinand Durang, actor dramático de una compañía que funcionaba en Baltimore, hizo la adaptación, utilizando la versión musical de "Adams and Liberty", y desde entonces ha sido el himno guerrero de la nación americana despertando siempre el fervor y el patriotismo de sus soldados.

En primero de julio de 1898, el regimiento 21, regulares, de los Estados Unidos iba cayendo, hombre tras hombre, ante las escarpas de Santiago de Cuba. El terrible fuego de los mausers produjo una momentánea vacilación en las tropas de asalto. De súbito los soldados entonan espontáneamente "The Star Spangled Banner" y a sus ecos, como por un poder sobrehumano, recobran sus bríos y, desafiando el huracán de balas, obtienen la victoria y fijan su bandera en las alturas de la ciudad.

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## DE ENTUSIASMO Y PASION

### THE PRESIDENT'S MARCH

#### (HAIL COLUMBIA)

"Hail Columbia" ha llegado a ser la más manoseada de las canciones nacionales americanas. Como obra artística su valor es ínfimo; sin embargo, es una interesantísima pintura de su época.

Durante la Revolución las bandas americanas ejecuta-

han frecuentemente una marcha populachera que se conocía con el nombre de "La Marcha de Washington". Cuando Washington fué elegido primer presidente de la República un músico entusiasta, para conmemorar el magno acontecimiento, concibió la idea de escribir algo superior a la rampante composición que tan impropiamente ostentaba el glorioso nombre del insigne Libertador. Y así nació, en 1789, la "Marcha del Presidente", que sirvió para solemnizar en los actos oficiales del primer magistrado de la nación; pero que indudablemente hubiera acabado por borrarse del recuerdo de todos a no ser por la posterior adaptación poética de J. Hopkinson con que en nuestros días es venerada y aplaudida.

#### MOUNT VERNON

Stephen Jenks, autor de "Mount Vernon" y de "Evening Shade", era un ferviente apasionado por la música. Además de esas composiciones escribió "Dover", popularmente denominada "Bartimeus" (1800), "Liberty" (1784), "Harp" (1800) y otras.

"Mount Vernon" fué ofrendada a la memoria de Washington.

#### HOME, SWEET HOME

Propiamente no es una canción americana. La música fue en parte compuesta y en parte arreglada por el compositor inglés Henry R. Bishop e intercalada en su comedia-musical, "Clara, la Doncella de Milán" (estrenada en Londres en 1823), como un "Aire siciliano". La adaptación poética es de un esclarecido bardo americano, John Howard Payne, y son estos sentidos, tiernísimos versos los que han poseído triunfalmente por todo el mundo civilizado el corazón creativo del "Hogar, dulce hogar!"

¡Sarcasmo cruel del destino! Este dulce y soñador poeta, que creó con algarullo los placeres del hogar, fué un desheredado de la fortuna que jamás pudo gozarlos.

A los 13 años de edad perdió a su madre, su único apoyo, su último consuelo, y los posteriores años de una vida accidentada y errante lo llevaron a morir, pobre y triste, en tierra extraña...



PERIODO DE LA GUERRA CIVIL





## DE GUERRA

### MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Entre las canciones de la Unión que han alcanzado mayor popularidad no hay ninguna que aventaje a la de Henry C. Work titulada "Marchando por Georgia".

Esta canción vino a conmemorar uno de los episodios más emocionantes de la guerra de secesión: la famosa marcha del General Sherman de Atlanta al mar.

### TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

La letra y la música de esta canción, compuesta en 1863, son de Walter Kittredge.

No es una viva y animada pieza de batalla o de marcha, sino una conmovedora, sentimental y quejumbrosa melodía, que despierta los más delicados sentimientos humanos, y que vivirá por mucho tiempo asociada al recuerdo de los esfuerzos realizados en América por la libertad y la unión.

### MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!

James Ryder Randall fué al autor de esta tal vez la más bella y artística de todas las producciones poéticas inspiradas por la guerra de los Estados del Norte y del Sur.

Fué tal el entusiasmo que su lectura produjo en el ánimo de los simpatizadores del Sur, que una dama adicta a

la causa, Miss Hatty Cary, adaptó a los vibrantes versos de Randall la bella música de una antigua canción escolar africana. Con este nuevo ropaje, "Maryland" elevó el espíritu bélico de las tropas confederadas no faltando quien la denominase la "Marsellesa del Sur".

#### DIXIE LAND

Fue escrito por Emmett en 1859. Se convirtió en el canto de guerra del Sur. Tuvo decisiva influencia en los campos de batalla y subsistió en los días de paz. A Abraham Lincoln le gustaba mucho, y no pocos soldados del Norte entonaban sus estrofas aun cuando representaban al enemigo de entonces.

En la guerra con España, frente a Manila, en las batallas alrededor de Santiago de Cuba, en los campos de Puerto Rico, en las marchas por tierra y en los viajes por mar los soldados se entusiasmaban a las cadencias del "Dixie".

Y lo que comenzó siendo simple canción de un *minstrel*, se convirtió en himno de guerra de los estados del Sur, y pudo por ser un coro fraternal de la Unión.

#### DE ENTUSIASMO Y PASION

##### DANDY JIM OF CAROLINE

Es curioso notar que los blancos de América, por regla general indiferentes a la creación de canciones originales, tomaron y se apropiaron las formas melódicas y rítmicas características de los antiguos esclavos negros. *Dandy Jim of Caroline*, que presentamos en esta sesión, es un bellísimo ejemplo del humorismo "espiritual" de los negros del Sur.

## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

### OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Estas baladas de "color local" son extraordinariamente populares en los Estados de la Unión. Alexander Foster, autor de ambas, poseía un estilo sencillito, y sus procedimientos eran casi infantiles. Pero sobre esa débil base construía las más tiernas y expresivas melodías, características del ambiente regional que las inspiraba. Tuvo muchos imitadores, pero nunca pudieron copiar lo que había en él de mayor originalidad: el genio.



## PERIODO MODERNO



## DE ARTE Y EVOCACION

FRANK VAN DER STUCKEN

Notable compositor y director de orfeones y orquesta. Nació en Fredericksburg, Gillespie, Texas, el 15 de Octubre de 1858. Recibió su educación musical en Europa con Benoit y Reinecke, asociándose más tarde a Grieg y Langer. Durante los años de 1870 a 1883 viajó por Alemania, Francia e Italia, desempeñando cargos de importancia en algunas ciudades y dando a conocer en otras sus creaciones musicales, aplaudidas siempre y encomiadas por personalidades artísticas de la talla de Listz, Grieg, Lassen, etc. Regresó a los Estados Unidos en 1884 y fué nombrado director de la famosa y próspera asociación coral "Arion" de New York; poco después director del Conservatorio de Música de Cincinnati, y, por último, director de la Orquesta Sinfónica de esta ciudad. Como director ha señalado conspicuamente entre todos sus contemporáneos, no ya por el dominio completo de la orquesta y la facilidad de la asimilación, cualidades que posee en alto grado, cuanto por su brillante y fructífera campaña en favor de la joven escuela norteamericana, cuyas obras es el primero en dar a conocer en conciertos y festivales, altruismo doblemente meritorio en quien como Van der Stucken, es a la vez notabilísimo compositor. Ha abordado felizmente todos los géneros de composición, y si bien sus obras no están exentas de cierto manierismo a lo Grieg, revelan, sin embargo, un genio creador potente, de mucha inspiración y mayor cultura. Citaremos entre otras: la ópera *Vlasda*, acogida cordialmente en Breslau en 1883;

el prelo por el famoso *William Kitchell*, que dirigió personalmente en *Weimer* el inmortal *List*, la música incidental para *La Tempestad* de Shakespeare, de cuyas páginas nos corporales han hecho arreglos para piano los notables artistas *Silotti* y *Hans Sitt*, el epusodio orquestal *Dayton at Amour*, riquísimo en todos sus detalles, varios coros o *capella*, las tres *Miniatures*, op. 7, para piano; dos grupos de canciones (*Lieder*) justamente admiradas por la crítica, y la celebrada marcha solemne *Lonesome*, de forma noble y elevada, escrita expresamente para la Exposición de San Luis.

#### CHARLES WAKETIELD CADMAN

El más joven de los compositores modernos de la República Norte-americana. Nació en *Johnstown, Pa.* el 24 de diciembre de 1881. De su creciente fama nos da fe la prensa americana, que no cesa de aplaudirlo y animarlo. Los programas de los más importantes salones de concierto de la Unión nos demuestran a diario que sus obras son interpretadas por artistas de la talla de *Jomelli*, *Schumann-Hook*, *Nielson*, *Gluck*, *Lipkowska*, *Listemann*, *Sara Andersen*, *Constantino*, *Bispham*, *Baklandoff*, *Wiherspoon*, *Dafault*, *Showalter*, *Evans Greene*, *Bettina Freeman*, y el número y calidad de sus composiciones recientes dan base sólida para presagiar que el joven maestro en no lejano día ha de *hacer* y *hacer* algo que no ha *dicho* ni *hecho* ningún otro compositor de su país.

Recomendamos las siguientes obras de Cadman, únicas que *detenemos* íntimamente: *Four American Indian Songs*, op. 25, colección de cuatro cantos indios que Cadman ha desarrollado y armonizado de una manera magistral. El primero de la colección, *From the Land of the Sky blue Water*, basado en un canto de la tribu de *Omaha*, es el que presentamos en esta sesión. *The Morning of the Year*, op. 26; *Ciclo de canciones*, para Soprano, contralto, Tenor y Bajo, con acompañamiento de piano. Dividido en dos partes. Parte Primera: *Marzo y Abril* (12 números). Parte Segunda: *Mayo*, (9 números). En esta colección no se



sabe qué admirar más, si la espontaneidad de la invención melódica o la maestría de su vestidura harmónica. *Sayonasa*, idilio japonés, de una sencillez admirable, hondamente sentido, que atrae, que encanta, que subyuga en los cuatro números de que consta. La ductibilidad del genio de Cadman se pone de manifiesto en esta bellísima obra: animoso, jovial en *I saw Thee First When Cherries Bloomed*; tierno, amoroso en *At the Feast of the Dead I Watched Thee*; dramático y apasionado en *All My Heart is Ashes*; triste, abatido en *The Wild Dove Cries on Fleeting Wing*, y, siempre identificado con el poeta, parece tomar *d'après nature* el ambiente local de la leyenda japonesa... Aunque de menos pretensiones, son también muy recomendables las siguientes canciones sueltas: *As in a Rose Jar*, *Dandelions*, *The Sea Hath a Hundred Moods*, *At Twilight Time*, y *Sweetheart, in thy Dreaming*. Al dar a la imprenta estas líneas, llega a nuestra noticia el éxito grande obtenido por Cadman, en Denver, con una nueva colección de canciones: *Three Songs to Odysseus*, dedicada a la afamada cantante Lillian Nordica, cuyos subtítulos son: *Circe's Song*, *Nausica's Song* y *Calypso's Song*. En ellas ha ensayado su autor el acompañamiento orquestal, con felicísimo resultado, al decir de la crítica.

#### EDWARD A. MAC DOWELL

La figura más grande y noble del arte contemporáneo norteamericano: pianista distinguidísimo y compositor genial y fecundo. Nació en New York el 18 de Diciembre de 1861: para desdicha del arte y de su patria, una fatal enfermedad lo llevó al sepulcro el día 24 de Enero de 1908. Para gloria de Cuba un maestro cubano dirigió los primeros pasos artísticos de Mac Dowell: nuestro admirado Pablo Desvernine, orgullo legítimo de las artes patrias. (Baker, *ob. cit.*—Serafín Ramírez, *La Habana Artística*.) En 1876 estudió en París con Marmontel (piano) y Savard (teoría); en 1879 pasó a Frankfurt estudiando allí con Heymann (piano) y Raff (composición). Por este último conservó siempre Mac Dowell una admiración pro-

simula correspondiéndole el famoso autor de *Leanne* e *In Wable* con un cariño entrañable. De 1881 a 1882 figuró Mae Dowell al frente de las clases de piano del Conservatorio de Darmstadt. En este último año fue presentado a Liszt quien admirado de su talento le dispuso su valiosa y nunca regateada protección. Elevale primero a sus clases particulares y más tarde le proporcionó los medios de hacer su debut en Zurich, triunfando gloriosamente en un dulce papavidad de pianista y compositor. Trasládese luego a Wiedbaden (1883) y cinco años después regresó a su patria coincidiendo a la cabeza del movimiento musical norteamericano donde en las críticas, en las envidias, en las pasiones han osado escatimarle sus merecimientos. En 1896 fué nombrado profesor de música de la Universidad de Columbia (New York), cargo que renunció rudamente en 1905. La Universidad de Princeton le confirió el título de Doctor en Música, *honoris causa*. Entre las obras de Mae Dowell desenrollan para orquesta los poemas *Hamlet* y *Otello*, *Lancelot y Elaine*, *Laym*, *Indira Soud*, etc.; para piano *Prefacio* y *Pago*, op. 13, *Suites*, op. 10 y 11, *Forest Idylles*, op. 19, *Pepprúns Poemas*, op. 22, *Woodland Sketches*, op. 51, y las notabilísimas sonatas *Trigona* y *Ereosa*, de fama universal, para canto, *From an old Garden*, o gacéones op. 26, dedicadas al distinguido artista cubano Emilio Agramonte, o *Love-songs*, op. 40, 2 *Nature's Songs*, op. 43, *Barcarolle*, op. 44, etc., etc.

#### REYNALDO D. KOVACH

El más bello y popular de los compositores que en la Unión cultivan el género cómico. Nació en Middletown, Conn., el 2 de Abril de 1890. Su educación musical ha sido de lo más selecta que darse puede: en Stuttgart aprendió piano con Spindler y Liebert y armonía con Pruckner; en Frankfurt compuso con el Dr. Hauff; en Florencia, canto, con Vannucci; en Viena, composición, con Genie y, por último, en París, ópera cómica con Delibes. Reside actualmente en New York. Sus obras principales

son: *Don Quixote*, *Robin Hood* (de éxito ruidoso en los Estados Unidos y en Inglaterra), *The Fencing Master*, *The Knickerbockers*, *The Algerian*, *Rob Roy*, *The Mandarin*, *The Highwayman*, etc. Todas estas operetas son todavía de actualidad en los Estados Unidos. De Koven ha escrito, además, muchas canciones y alguna música instrumental.

#### JOHN P. SOUSA

Famoso director de banda y popularísimo compositor, generalmente conocido por *El Rey de la Marcha*. Nació en Washington el 5 de Noviembre de 1856, y recibió toda su educación musical en los Estados Unidos. A los 17 años de edad era violín de orquesta y como tal viajó con varias compañías por diversos Estados de la Unión (1877). En 1880 fué nombrado director de la Banda de Marina de los Estados Unidos, cargo que renunció en 1892 para dedicarse a la organización de la que lleva su nombre, con la cual ha visitado triunfalmente a Francia, Inglaterra, Alemania, Rusia, Australia, Canadá y todos los Estados de su país.—Es un director de magnetismo extraordinario, que subyuga insensiblemente a profesores y oyentes, sobre todo, en la interpretación de sus marchas, en cuyo género no tiene rival. Como compositor, aun cuando ha abordado con éxito grande la opereta (*El Capitán*, *The Charlatan*, *The Bride Elect*, etc.), y el género sinfónico (*The Chariot-race*, *The last days of Pompeii*, etc.), su popularidad, su fama universal descansa en las célebres marchas militares, de las cuales ha compuesto un sinnúmero, todas marcialísimas y en extremo originales. Su primera marcha *Washington Post*, fué vendida a un editor por la módica suma de \$35; en cambio *Liberty Bell* ha producido a su autor más de \$35,000! Sousa es hoy tal vez el más acaudalado compositor de América.



### TERCERA PARTE



## DE GUERRA POR LA LIBERTAD UNIVERSAL

Todos los pueblos han tenido siempre sus cantos de guerra. Los franceses cuentan entre ellos *Partant pour la Syrie* y el *Sambre y Mosa*. Los ingleses su *Tippcrary*. Los alemanes marchaban a través de las calles de Bruselas silbando *Cada pequeño movimiento...*

Las canciones de este género debidas a autores ilustres han solido gozar de poca popularidad. En cambio muchas que son defectuosas, desde el punto de vista de la técnica, se han hecho inmortales.

En medio de su vulgaridad tienen estos aires algo que los eleva: el sentimiento. La melodía-balada, aunque sea escrita por un compositor que conoce la armonía y la ciencia musical, se dirige siempre al pueblo sencillo y ha de tener en el pueblo su principal y más fiel intérprete. Su característica ha de ser que guste y "se pegue al oído" desde la primera vez que se escueha.

Entre las canciones americanas inspiradas por la guerra europea merecen especial mención: "*Over There*", "*We're All Going Calling on the Kaiser*", "*Hunting the Hun*", "*The American's Come*", "*Keep Your Head Down*", "*Fritz Boy*", "*Women of Homeland*", "*Keep the Home Fires Burning*".





## EPILOGO



## CUANDO LAS CANCIONES SE CONVIERTEN EN PLEGARIAS

Todas las canciones de guerra, cuando se oyen en camino hacia el frente o en el campo de batalla, despiertan en quien las escucha sentimientos heroicos; pero no siempre salen de labios animados por el valor y el anhelo del triunfo. A veces, desde lo alto de una amplia galería, en medio de la calma de la noche, las canciones guerreras se extienden a lo largo de las campiñas donde los pinos yerguen sus troncos plateados por la luna. Son los heridos y los convalecientes que en sus horas de infortunio se extasían recordando los días de la épica lucha...

Entonces la canción guerrera parece una plegaria elevada a los cielos en demanda de paz para los hombres...



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